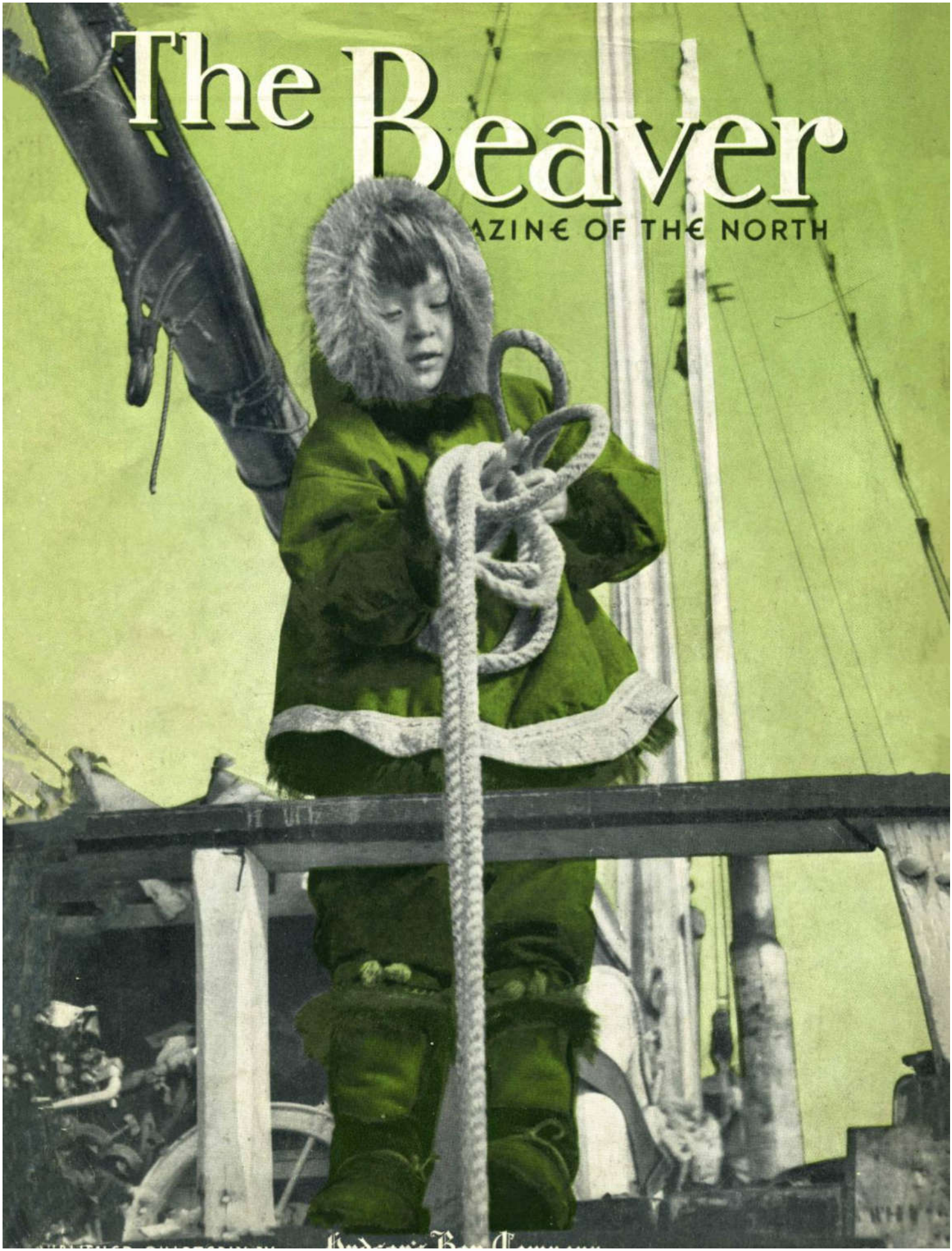
The Beaver

AZINE OF THE NORTH



A TRIBUTE TO OUR SOVEREIGN

WHEN King Charles II granted the Royal Charter in 1670 to the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, he gave rights to "sole Trade and Commerce of all those Seas Streightes Bayes Rivers Lakes Creekes and Soundes in whatsoever Latitude they shall bee that lie within the entrance of the Streightes commonly called Hudsons Streightes . . . . "

The Company held this land directly from the Crown "in free and common Soccage and not in Capite or by Knightes Service YEILDING AND PAYING yearely to us our heires and Successors for the same two Elkcs and two Black beavers whensoever and as often as Wee our heires and successors shall happen to enter into the said Countryes Territoryes and Regions hereby granted."

To fulfill this part of the charter we will yield and pay two elk heads and two black beavers to His Majesty King George the Sixth at Winnipeg, 24th May, 1939.

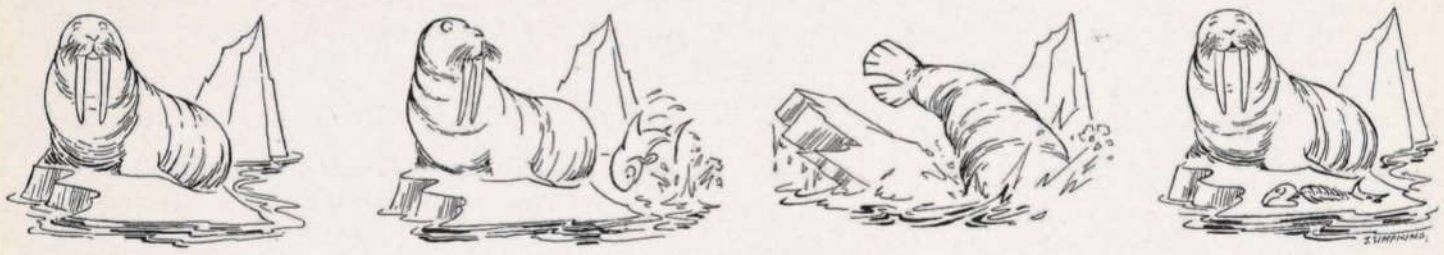
Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

THE BEAVER

OUTFIT 269 · MARCH 1939 · NUMBER 4

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR · TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY



CONTENTS

H B C Packet 4
Walrus Off the Sleepers—Arthur C. Twomey 6
Conquering the Northern Air—Guy H. Blanchet 11
Wings for H B C—Paul Davoud 15
Flight of the Blue Goose—Burt Gresham 16
Easter Festival at Walker Bay—Ernest Donovan 20
Fort Ross and the North West Passage—Lorene Squire 23
Indian Treaties—Clifford Wilson 38
Whale Meat for Huskies—W. W. Coleman 42
Caribou Hunt—Told to Mary Weekes by W. Cornwallis King 45
Mackenzie River Transport—H. N. Petty 48
Book Reviews 51
The Service Today 53

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE · Hudson's Bay Company. · WINNIPEG, CANADA

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

THE HBC PACKET

Our Governor, Mr. P. A. Cooper, comes to Winnipeg in May for the ceremony of fulfilling the Company's Charter obligation to His Majesty the King. For this reason there is fresh interest in that Charter of 2nd May, 1670, now preserved in Hudson's Bay House, London, which established the executive structure of the Company as it exists today. The original Charter is inscribed on five large sheets of parchment, the first sheet intricately decorated and bearing the impression of the Great Seal of England. There is a portrait of King Charles II at the upper left, and the symbols of Empire are woven into wide, ornate borders. The writing reflects the elaborate style of the period, and its eye-straining characters defeat the modern eye. While the King lacked any geographical certainty about the country he was granting, the Charter was destined to survive as a symbol of empire long after he and the first Governor and Company of Adventurers of England had passed into history. No government thereafter assailed it successfully, and succeeding centuries proved how soundly the original had been drawn. The Charter lasted unamended until the forty-eighth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, when the first of four supplementary Charters was signed under the warrant of the reigning monarch.

The Company's rent day has been a long time coming around. From 2nd May, 1670, to 24th May, 1939, it will have been paid twice only. The first occasion was in 1927, when George W. Allan, K.C., chairman of the Canadian Committee, presented two elk heads and two black beaver skins to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales *en route* to his ranch in Alberta. At that time it was easier to produce the beaver skins than the elks. For the royal visit of 1939, two magnificently branched elk heads have been presented to the Company through the courtesy and prompt action of R. A. Gibson, Esq., Director of Lands, Parks and Forests for Canada, and Deputy Commissioner of the Northwest Territories. Fortunately the Company's need coincided with the time for reducing the herd of elk grazing in Wainwright National Park. Black beaver are extremely rare, and out of 16,000 skins examined only one emerged that satisfied the fur graders. The Fur Trade then faced the task of matching it.

Briefly entered in the Journal of Events of Cape Dorset post on Foxe Peninsula is the story of Eskimo Kutcheyar who spent eight days adrift on an ice floe in Hudson Strait and was "none the worse." Kutcheyar was seal hunting at the floe edge when a gale blew up and separated the thin ice on which he stood from the main pack. Natives reported his mishap to the post manager who had a boat made ready for the moment when Kutcheyar might be sighted. After three days the miracle happened and someone saw Kutcheyar, but because of ice conditions the post boat could not reach him. Again the next day they saw him; and then came another gale. When it subsided, Kutcheyar was rescued unharmed except for minor frostbites. For food he had managed to kill a walrus.

This seems as good a time as any to rescue from the obscurity of a back number a paragraph written by Albert Jay Nock in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Nock was in the tropics. He felt it was useless to mention the fruits because of course they were everywhere the year round. "Commercial enterprise has robbed us of so many delightful anticipations. Why should a New Yorker who eats raspberries in November care to live until spring? Gott weiss he had little enough to look forward to even before the evil day of refrigeration and air-borne freight; and now what has he?"

Another moan was the rum. He had not really tasted it because it was always in mixed drinks. "I also detest cane-syrup rum which is now so popular. I like the fine old rank kind which the Hudson's Bay Company still puts out from Jamaica, and which makes the room smell the way the corner grocery used to smell when the bung blew out of the molasses barrel.

"Put two tablespoonfuls of that in a bell-glass and play with it for a full half-hour, taking it mostly by

inhalation—treating it, in short, with the respect that good liquor deserves—and you know you have had something which you could really call rum. But don't waste it on the cicatrized palates of your cocktail-swilling friends; any kind of firewater, wood alcohol, fusel oil, benzine, is plenty good enough for them, and they won't know the difference."

In a "Know Your Company" series arranged for employees by the Hudson's Bay House Study Club, the controller of the Retail Stores office described this largest and most impressive of the Company's departments today. From far down the St. Lawrence on the east to Vancouver Island on the west, this department operates from sea to sea. Its employees number 3,800 and the yearly payroll is between three and four million dollars.

There are Hudson's Bay Stores in Winnipeg, Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Victoria and Saskatoon, with additional units at Duncan and Nanaimo on Vancouver Island, and at Banff and in the Turner Valley. Under the small stores division are stores in Kamloops, Vernon, Nelson, Yorkton, Flin Flon, Sioux Lookout, Nipigon and Baie Comeau. Buying connections cover most countries in the world, and there are Company buying offices in Toronto, Montreal and London.

In the daily race to keep one jump ahead of customer desires, the larger stores use 110 kinds of employment. Staff selection and training have attained the proportions of a profession. Sales staffs are chosen to represent the community in which the store is situated, and staff training is part of the day's selling, since all the complications of retailing eventually boil down to the relation between shopper and clerk.

Practically every Company store replaces an H B C trading post, the latest being the new home furnishings store at Nanaimo on Vancouver Island. One day in the middle of the last century an Indian arrived at the Victoria smithy with some coal samples, and the result was the first trading post at Nanaimo where they had to fortify themselves against the Indians. Trading was simpler in those days, Indians and all.

Glittering new wings for the Company's northern operations are outlined in Paul Davoud's story told for the first time in this issue. For business men to commute by air between New York and California is now a commonplace, but for those whose work takes them far north this commerce of the air still holds enchantment. "Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales," is a dream come true. The increasing need of air transportation made necessary this new ship, the first to bear the Company's name. It will be used wherever speed is required for passengers or freight.

This summer will also bring the establishment of twenty-five additional Company commercial radio stations, bringing the total up to fifty-five. The new stations will be in the Western Arctic districts. All Company stations will co-operate in making northern airways safe.

The pictures of Fort Ross at shiptime speak for themselves and need no adjectives here. Plucky fellows, these men who live and work on bleak Arctic islands.

Among this month's contributors is Arthur C. Twomey, who with J. K. Doutt conducted an expedition to the Bay and into Ungava for the Carnegie Museum last year. On the Sleeper Islands trip they collected a scientific walrus group for their museum.

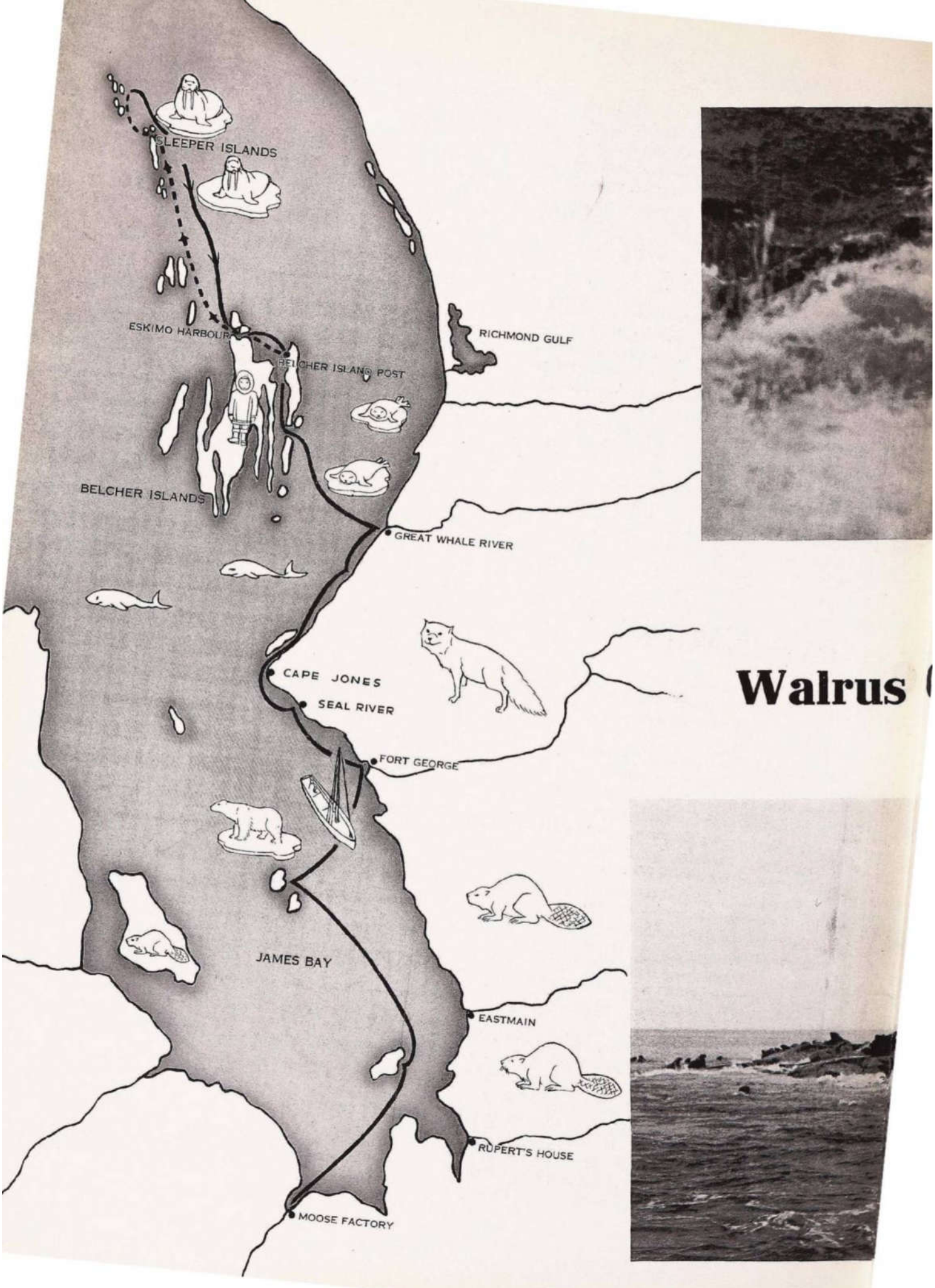
Clifford Wilson writes an enlightening account of the eleven treaties made by Canada with the Indians.

The brief history of Arctic flying from 1921 to 1930 was compiled by Guy Blanchet, whose survey stories are familiar to *Beaver* readers, Mr. Blanchet represented the Department of Interior with Dominion Explorers in 1928-9.

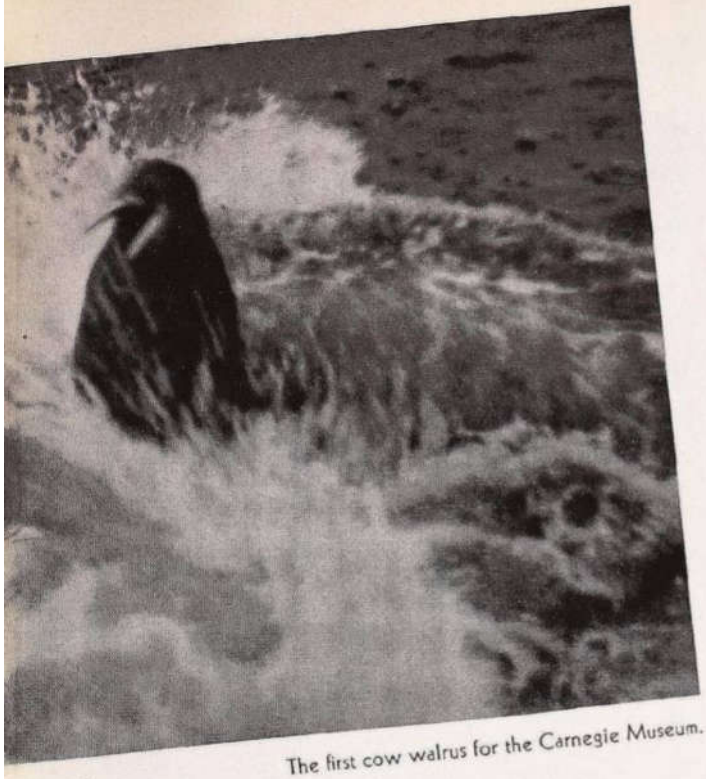
The Easter Festival letter from Ernest Donovan arrived by way of the Mackenzie River from Victoria Island. Easter at Walker Bay and other Company posts is in sharp contrast with the celebration in the rotogravure pages—no parade, no lilies, no eggs, but certainly bunnies and fun, for Eskimos travel far for these races and ball games.

Another chapter in the mystery of bird migration is written by Burt Gresham, of the *Winnipeg Free Press* staff. Each spring the great congregation of wild geese takes the long flight from the far south to the inclement shores of a bay on Baffin Island where they build their nests and hatch their young. "Such an immense effort for a purpose that seems altogether inadequate must continue to stir our wonder and to stimulate our curiosity," wrote a man who has studied the ways of birds and beasts. Autumn comes, and the great birds wing their powerful way south to the Louisiana marshes. Already the nearly full grown nestlings keep pace with their parents. Blue Geese have a model family life; mates remain faithful to each other for life; the male takes his share of domestic duties; and the young grow to self-sufficiency in a single short summer.

The cover is a picture of Patsy Klengenberg's son on the deck of the *Aklavik* at Fort Ross. A Squire photograph.


SLEEPER ISLANDS
ESKIMO HARBOUR
BELCHER ISLAND POST
BELCHER ISLANDS
RICHMOND GULF
GREAT WHALE RIVER
CAPE JONES
SEAL RIVER
FORT GEORGE
JAMES BAY
EASTMAIN
RUPERT'S HOUSE
MOOSE FACTORY

Walrus

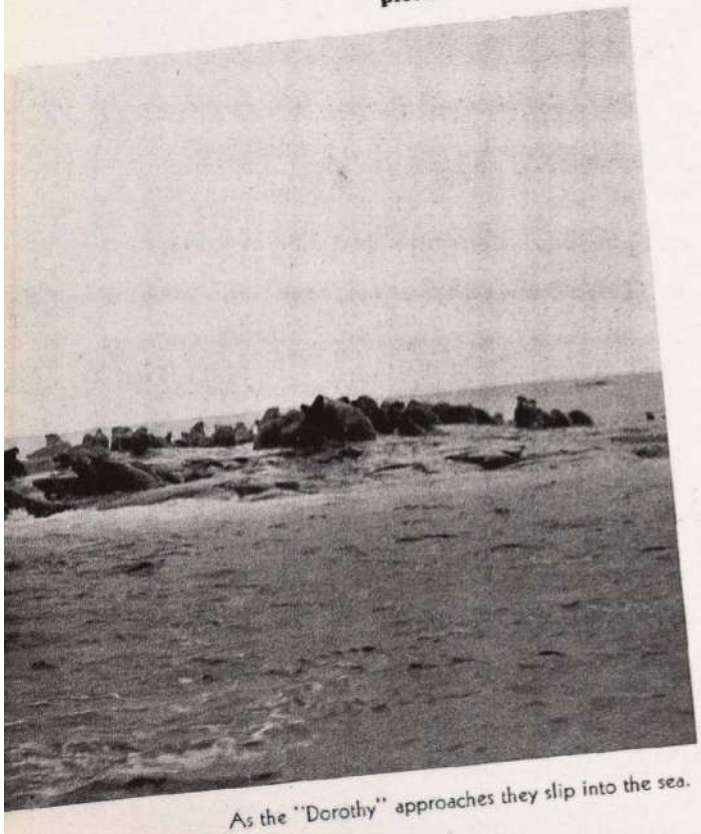


The first cow walrus for the Carnegie Museum.

Off the Sleepers

Arthur C. Twomey

pictures by the author



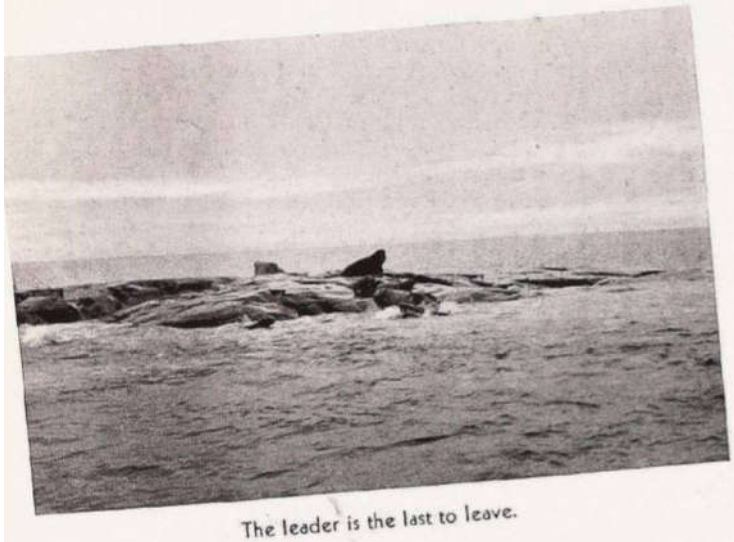
As the "Dorothy" approaches they slip into the sea.

AUGUST 16, a beautiful, calm day, found the *Dorothy* moving out into Omaralik sound with Lukasee, our Eskimo guide, at the wheel. Our trip up to Eskimo Harbour was pleasant. The water was like glass. Curious young seal bobbed up ahead and astern only to flip with a splash beneath the water. The low, rounded, basaltic ridges that form the backbone of the Belcher Islands lay on either side, giving a feeling of strength and grandeur in their Arctic somberness. By 5 o'clock we entered the southeast entrance of Eskimo Harbour. The harbour itself was impressive. High, rugged hills embraced the wide expanse of water. As we scanned the horizon, a knot of figures were silhouetted against the evening sky. We passed on into the west entrance of the harbour amid great, long streamers of brownish kelp. The huskies had already sighted us. We dropped anchor and went ashore. Eskimos came eager to shake hands and greet us with cheery *Chimos*. Kutuk, the tribe's best walrus hunter, who was to accompany us on the hunt, hurried about getting harpoons and seal bladders.

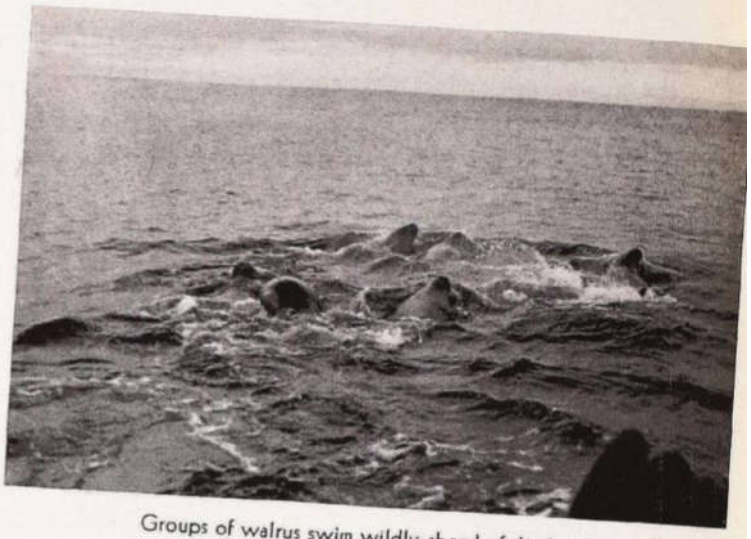
These primitive people, dressed in sealskin and eider-duck kulitas, were very friendly. They asked us into their tupeks. In Kenora's abode we were somewhat surprised to hear the familiar strains of *The Irish Washerwoman* and a selection of hymns from a rickety old graphophone. Lukasee brought out his fiddle and tuned it by turning the keys with his teeth; soon he was sawing away at his favorite tunes, mostly jigs, that he had picked up from the graphophone. The sun had already set when we turned reluctantly toward our boat. From behind the distant hills, a great red moon rose and touched the waters with a phosphorescent glow. Northern lights added a final touch of enchantment as their filmy streaks whisked across the starlit sky, transforming the bleak country of the Eskimo into a veritable fairyland.

Next morning we started off toward the North Belchers. At the north end of Johnson Island we stopped at a small huskie encampment long enough to pick up additional harpoons and seal bladders for the walrus hunt. By late afternoon we anchored in a tiny, sheltered cove, the only safe anchorage at the northern tip of this island. Surrounded on the north, south, and west by high rock walls, and on the east by a narrow entrance, this little bottle-shaped harbour was singularly beautiful. We went ashore and looked about over the rugged terrain for possible signs of animal life. American mergansers and old squaw ducks fed quietly in the small, rock pools and lakes. A flock of young snow-birds flew ahead of us as we walked across the island. Migrating, white-rumped sandpipers moved nervously along the shoreline. On our return to the boat, Kutuk and Lukasee confidently assured us that on the morrow we would see walrus off the islands which they called the "Komiatite Islands," but marked on the map as the Sleeper Islands. Then, instead of taking sleeping quarters on the *Dorothy*, they preferred a bed on shore under an overturned canoe.

An early start was made in the morning of August 18. As we pulled out of our night's retreat, a large bearded seal reared its head out of the water ahead and disappeared never to be sighted again. Our course led us almost due northeast until we came in sight of the Sleepers. Reefs were numerous about, but our huskie guides seemed little concerned. They were watching for walrus. Suddenly a peculiar spray that did not look like a reef loomed up far ahead. When I pointed it out to Kutuk, he began to shout "Ivik, Ivik!" There was



The leader is the last to leave.



Groups of walrus swim wildly ahead of the boat.

great commotion on board. Mr. Woods and the Colonel rushed for their guns; the Eskimos began to blow up the bladders and to get the heavy harpoons ready. Robbi, the skipper, gave orders for full steam ahead.

The walrus were soon overtaken, five in all, two medium-sized bulls and three cows. Last minute shooting instructions were given, for we did not wish needless waste of these valuable animals. A large cow with long, well-shaped tusks was selected as a desirable specimen for our group. The Colonel fired at the big female, and Lukasee threw his harpoon. The harpoon hit the thick, leathery hide of the animal and bounced off; the spear head was dull. What consternation! A second harpoon was cast, and this time it sank deeply. The wounded cow bellowed as she turned angrily and struck out with her tusks. The next instant she dived beneath the water. The boat swerved as we followed. Alec, the engineer, hearing the excitement on deck, stuck his head out of the engine room, much to the disgust of Robbi, who promptly shouted, "Bed down there, and attend to that engine." The big female was soon dispatched; we had our first walrus. As the massive head and tusks were drawn alongside the boat, there was general exultation aboard.

Later in the afternoon a second cow was sighted. With a couple of well-placed shots, Mr. Woods stopped it long enough to enable Kutuk to drive his harpoon home. We towed the two carcasses to a nearby island to be skinned.

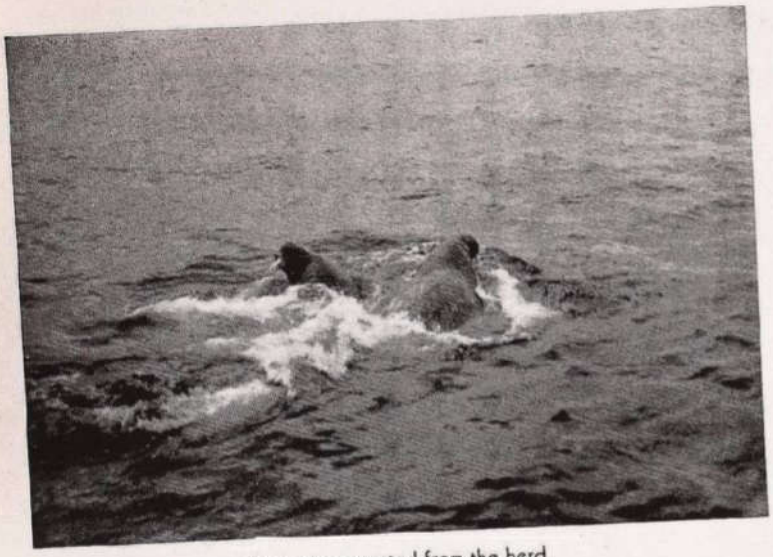
In the meantime, another boat had appeared on the northeast horizon and was now drawing alongside. It proved to be the *Seal*, manned by an Eskimo crew from Port Harrison who were in search of walrus for their winter food supply. After a conference, we decided to hunt together the following morning. As we dropped anchor in the only harbour on the North Sleepers, we could hear the distant grunts and bellows of walrus. Night soon fell upon the scene, and we hastily retired, knowing that at dawn we would be out for further adventures.

The next morning was bright and clear; hardly a breath of wind disturbed the placid waters. At 7.25 a.m. the *Dorothy* and the *Seal* moved off together. As we rounded the long island just east of our little harbour, a low, weather-beaten rocky island could be seen in the distance, possibly a half mile away. One or two massive walrus heads showed on the skyline. The *Seal* moved off toward the east, and it was evident that there was excitement on board. Robbi signaled full speed ahead, and Alex put our big motor in high. The island began to move, slowly at first, then suddenly became a seething mass of bulky, brown shapes. The *Seal* opened fire; five guns and as many harpoons went into action in unison. In a moment we were in the midst of the great herd. The water was alive with them —bulls, bellowing and coughing, cows with calves, diving and rushing away from the bow of the boat, or turning on their sides to thrust out at us with their long, curved tusks. Our animals were soon selected and secured as Kutuk skilfully threw his harpoon. Large groups could still be seen here and there in the water. Inflated, sealskin bladders marked the position of our specimens. It seemed unbelievable that we had our entire group of walrus in such a short time. It was now only eleven o'clock.

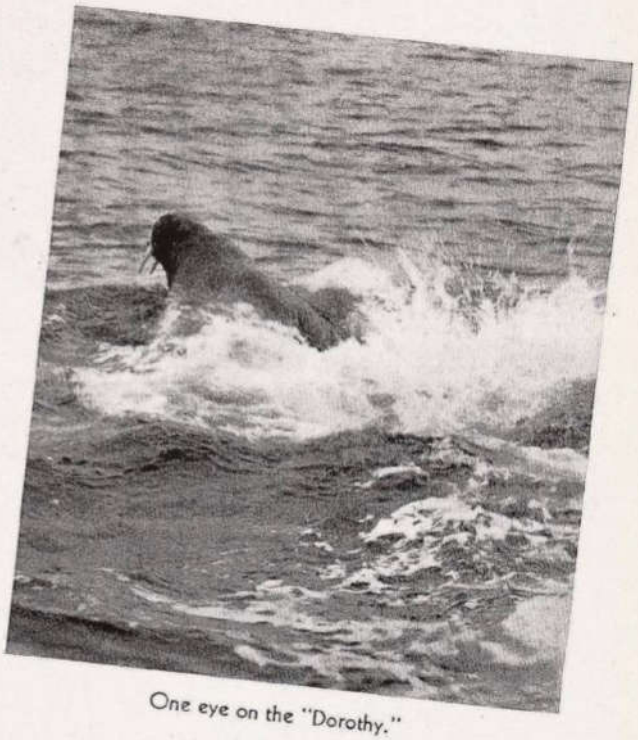
Black water to the northeast warned us that a wind was rising. There was work ahead, and no further time could be lost. The animals were picked up and securely fastened on either side of the *Dorothy* as we made for our harbour. We could hear an occasional shot as the *Seal* continued her hunting far to the east.

With block, tackle, and rythmic heaves, the slippery, bulky forms were tugged on shore, leaving a streak of crimson in their paths. Precise measurements and examinations of the specimens were made. The animals were heaved over on their backs and the skinning began. The remainder of the day was spent in this labor.

Lukasee and Kutuk were no slouches with their long, sharp knives. With sleeves rolled to the elbows, they deftly cut the heavy skins from the carcasses. Then they carved huge chunks of meat from the bones, wasting none of it, for their own little settlement was badly in need of meat.



Two are separated from the herd.



One eye on the "Dorothy."

Typical Hudson Bay weather kept us in the harbour for an additional day. About ten o'clock the following day the Port Harrison men came aboard our little ship to bid us *auctionii* (goodbye). The wind had quelled and the rain had slackened. The fog was lifting. They confidently assured us that they would be home on the morrow.

Monday, August 22, found us steering for Eskimo Harbour, where the sturdy Eskimo women could attend to the walrus hides.

As a last thrill, we decided to run over to the Walrus Rock to see if the great herd had returned there. This time we had our cameras instead of our guns. As we approached, the island moved as before; there was the same wild, rolling stampede of great bulky bodies, gleaming white tusks, and loud elephant-like grunts, accompanied by the pungent odor of the massed herd. As the island was cleared, one great bull arrested our attention. He held his mighty tusked head high; he was the leader of the herd. He was the last to leave. What a sight he made as he slowly left the vacant island, assured that the last baby had abandoned it for the safety of the sea.

As we followed the herd, the walrus separated into isolated groups. Calves, singly and in pairs, frantically climbed upon their mothers' backs in an attempt to get out of our way. Groups made up of a bull and several cows swam wildly ahead, excitedly turning their great tusked heads to watch us. At times, they looked like huge, green turtles with ponderous flippers propelling them along at a surprising speed as the *Dorothy* overtook and ran over them. Then, with a violent snort, they broke water and expelled a fine spray from their nostrils. The bulls roared forth their challenges, which also served to hold the herd together.

Within a short time, many of the big fellows were running for the open sea, leading their little groups away from the intruding boat. Only their black heads and the sheet of white spray which they threw ahead of them were now visible. Others sought the shelter of the shoals where they dived out of sight. Finally, we had all the pictures we wished and nosed about toward

Eskimo guide Lukassee throws his harpoons.

A choice specimen.

A 2,000-pound pull.

Walrus skin is an inch and a half thick.

Women scrape the flesh from the skin and finally scrub the skin with brushes and yellow soap.

the south. The leader could again restore order in his secluded arctic domain.

Kutuk and Lukasee took turns at guiding the boat with admirable coolness and surety. They needed no mariner's compass as we sailed along the groups of islands or across stretches of open sea.

As we skirted the long chain of rocky islands that made up the Sleepers, large flocks of American and northern eider ducks flew up ahead. Accompanied by the female, a late family of young eider ducks made for shore. Arctic terns could be seen hovering over the water, flying about over the *Dorothy*, or hunting for small fish along the rocky coasts.

We arrived at Eskimo Harbour just as the sun set. Men, women, and children of all ages welcomed us, eager to get their portions of the meat. Our two Eskimo guides, Kutuk and Lukasee, took the first shares and had their women carry the large chunks of flesh to their respective tupeks. The bulk of the meat was divided among the remaining families, five in all.

The brown faces around the encampment were happy that evening. Meals were hastily prepared and the large juicy steaks were consumed raw or barely dipped into boiling water. Inside the tupeks one could scarcely move for the great piles of walrus meat. Everything smelled of walrus and the Eskimos simply lived walrus for the next few days.

In Eskimo land there is specialization of labor. The men do the hunting; these are the breadwinners. Women's work is in the camp. And so it was that the women now began their part of the work on the walrus skins. Some of them "fleshed" with babies on their backs. Grandmothers and possibly great grandmothers worked tirelessly. The skins, which averaged from half an inch to one and a half inches in thickness, had to be split to the thickness of a square flipper seal hide (about one-fourth inch). This, they accomplished by the skilful use of their kudlus, efficient little knives with the shape of a half-moon. After they had degreased a small area, they would grasp the back of the skin in their teeth and slip a new portion into position over a stone or the bottom of a wooden fish-basket. Thus, several days were required to pare down the skins.

The washing of the skins was also done by the women. They stretched the mammoth hides over the smooth, weather-worn rocks near their encampment and scrubbed them with brushes and yellow soap until they were clean and free from grease. Boys carried pails of water from shallow pools in the rocks and poured over the skins as the women washed. Babies played on their mothers' backs and were amused by older children.

In the meantime, the men of the village had been busy gathering about two hundred bags of dry moss, needed to stuff and dry the skins. Finally, when the women had finished their washing, the men carried the heavy hides down to their kayaks and transported them to the opposite side of the inlet, where they had almost denuded the hillsides of their lichens. One man crawled inside the mammoth, damp pelts and arranged the moss as it was handed to him. Soon, the hides took on the appearance of gigantic, animated toy balloons.

The work of the Eskimos was finished. It was our responsibility to see that the specimens safely reached the Carnegie Museum, where they could be mounted as a scientific group.

A cluster of skin-clad figures bid us *auctionii*, and then became silhouetted against the western sky as we passed out of Eskimo Harbour.

Conquering the Northern Air

Guy H. Blanchet

TODAY air transport may be chartered to practically any point in northern Canada, including the islands far beyond the Arctic Circle. Mail routes are established. Business executives, prospectors, trappers, fur traders, and others use aeroplanes to reach points in a few hours that formerly required weeks and months of travel. The movement of freight by air has made possible a development that was formerly almost impractical. Flights in the north are no longer adventures into an unknown wilderness. They may be discussed in the office of the transport officer of one of the flying companies, and, if business arrangements are satisfactory, he can provide a suitable machine and a pilot familiar with northern airways and the techinque of sub-Arctic flying.

Back of today's efficient northern air service are the pioneering efforts of many men—those on the business end who converted a dream into a reality, and those of the front line through whose work the airways were laid out and the problems of northern flying solved by trial and error. There were misadventures and disasters. Aeroplanes were lost and men were killed. Many stirring stories might be told of those who took part in this work but the individual is lost in the composite figure—the Northern Pilot, capable and resourceful, something of an adventurer, one who has the nerve to undertake difficult tasks and the skill and judgment necessary to carry them through.

It is possible here only to tell briefly the successive steps by which the aeroplane was brought into the north and some of the problems and experiences encountered.

The first flight north was from Edmonton to Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River in March, 1921. Two planes were used and plans called for summer and winter service. The first two machines had no trouble in the air, but the dangers of northern landings were brought out by a succession of mishaps. On the first landing at Fort Simpson, early that spring, a propeller was smashed when it hit a drift. The resources of the trading post were equal to the occasion—a new one was constructed from oak sleigh boards. Two hazards for pontoons on northern rivers are the drift logs carried by the flood, and sandbars that approach the surface as the flood subsides. Both these were met. After a number of flights the service was discontinued.

The next advance was in 1922, when the Royal Canadian Air Force started aerial surveys in the northern woodlands. The work began in a small way, but developed rapidly when it was found that the country could be mapped from the air by oblique photographic methods. Mapping by ground surveys had been approaching a practical limit and great northern spaces remained blank except for the tracks of explorers. By the new method, mapping was extended rapidly and with a completeness of detail formerly impossible. Pilots became familiar with conditions peculiar to northern flying and bases were established in the wilderness north of settlement.

The successful operations of the Royal Canadian Air Force led to other activities. Private companies entered the field led by Western Canada Airways in 1926, now Canadian Airways. Commercial flying was still in its infancy. Public support was not strong, equipment was costly and maintenance expensive. These early years were lean ones, but the spirit behind the enterprise was strong in faith in ultimate success.

Support came from a new quarter. Interest in minerals was keen in the post-war years and the north country was a promising field. Prospecting there had been handicapped by the difficulties of reaching districts remote in terms of ground travel. The advantages of air transport were at once apparent and its use brought in a large extent of country previously off the economic map. Then it was found that, in addition to transportation, planes could be used to study rock formation and locate rock exposures, and even on occasions mineral deposits were detected from the air by their surface indications.

By 1927 these various operations had been put on a sound basis and were carried on through a wide belt of country north of settlement. The North West Territories had been reached at Fort Smith, and a mail-passenger service was arranged for the Mackenzie River. A great deal of pioneering work had been done during the time, testing different types of ships, devising suitable landing gear, skis and pontoons. The maps made from aerial surveys simplified navigation and, perhaps of chief importance, men had been trained for work in a country where, when the machine failed, the crew had to depend on their own resources. To this point, the advance of the aeroplane northward had been an orderly development as the field widened and its usefulness was more generally appreciated. Then came the startling developments of the boom years of '28 and '29 which finally laid the foundation of the northern flying of today. The policy of orderly advance was ignored, the northern frontier of economic interest was swept back to the Arctic, and investigators examined the most remote and hitherto inaccessible regions of the Barren Grounds.

In 1928 the mining industry was flourishing, capital was abundant and adventurous, and aerial mineral exploration was pursued on a large scale. Two expeditions were organized, Northern Aerial Mineral Exploration and Dominion Explorers. Each had its own ship to bring men and supplies to Hudson Bay and aeroplanes were flown in. It was proposed to examine the country to the westward of the Bay for minerals. "Flying geologists" would select favourable formation, and prospectors would be flown to the places indicated. It was a scheme to fire the imagination—the vastness of the country, the speed of the aeroplane and the promise of major prizes to be won from this virgin

country. To a point it was sound. Much of the country could be rapidly and safely eliminated on account of its soil cover or the nature of rock formation. While such work would be bound to be superficial, intensive investigations were to be made wherever the situation was promising. The chief weakness of this air prospecting was that it depended entirely on machines and pilots at a time when pilots still had to pioneer under new conditions of air, land, and sea, and in unknown and variable weather. When the machine failed, men were left either inactive or stranded without means of transport.

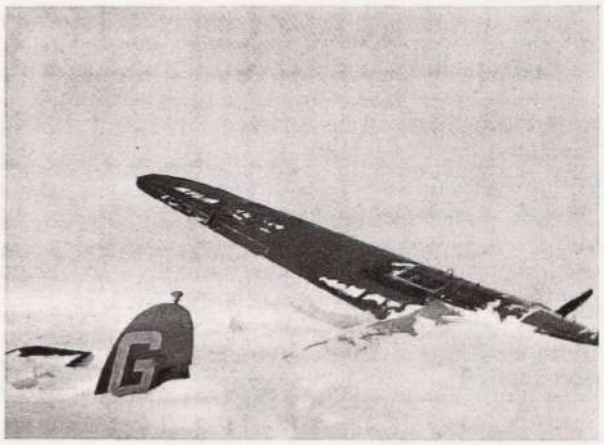
The balance sheets of the expeditions are another matter. That of the aerial operations is one to be proud of. Long and difficult pioneering flights established airways that soon became travelled highways. Hazards remained, but necessity provided the urge, and successful operation gave confidence. There were accidents and machines were damaged or lost, but in flying somewhere between fifty and a hundred thousand miles in the north there were no casualties.

An early problem was the compass. The aeroplane compass is set in a strong local field and in compensating this with magnets the directive force is weakened. Near the Magnetic Pole the compass would be useless, but even a thousand miles away it was found that the needle was not dependable and after a time it lost its virtue. Pilots at first had to resort to the primitive method of navigating by the sun or landmarks and, on occasions, by the direction of the wind as shown by the lake waves. Sometimes wild courses resulted.

A plane set out from Baker Lake for Wager Bay, some two hundred miles away on a northeasterly course. It was a simple flight along the hills of the divide. Shortly after they started, low clouds were encountered. It would have been a sounder policy to land and wait for better weather but the pilot chose to proceed. He left the hilly country, passed over a great sandy plain, crossed a large river—but he finally reached the sea. One of his passengers had studied the country closely and he examined his map and the coast. When he was satisfied, he announced, "This is the sea, but it is the Arctic not Hudson Bay." They had landed far west of Back's River and had not enough gasoline to reach any base. They waited a week for a tail wind and then were able to fly past Back's River and landed when gasoline gave out. They continued on foot, setting fire to hill tops and ultimately the smoke was seen by a search plane and the party was picked up.

Once flying under very low clouds along Kazan River, a fork was reached. The pilot chose what appeared to be the main branch. After a few miles this ended with a lake and a brook. He set a course by the direction of the waves to bring him back to the other branch. He flew on and on over a plain dotted with small lakes. Half an hour went by and no sign of the river. Then fortunately he reached the edge of the cloud field. When he was able to climb and get a view, he saw a large lake of his river on the northern horizon . . . the wind had changed and he had been heading into a vast stretch of almost unknown country.

In winter, the Barren Grounds become almost featureless. The sweep of snow covers land, lake and sea. Flying along the Hudson Bay coast, which rises almost imperceptibly from the sea, the only guiding line is where the fixed ice meets the floes. Mists rise from the open water, and these sometimes settle into snow or drift with the wind. On several occasions, planes were enveloped in mist or snow and forced to land blindly on the unstable, rafted ice below. Flying inland in winter, even a river may provide little guidance for many rivers of the coastal plains are little more than irregular collections of lakes.



Disaster from a hard snow drift.

Barren grounds bivouac.

This bird never soared again.

The compass problem was met by using solar compasses. One of the first flights to use a solar compass was from Baker Lake to set a gasoline cache at Dubawnt Lake. The course was set, and at the approximate estimated distance a large lake was found that might have been Dubawnt. Gasoline was landed and the return course set. They flew the proper distance but there was no sign of the base. They continued on and on. The forty-mile target of Baker Lake was missed; Chesterfield Inlet with its hundred and fifty miles was missed . . . but they found Hudson Bay, fortunately near the Chesterfield Post. The trading posts in the north are a welcome sight in this desolate country, and their hospitality has made them a happy refuge for travel-worn fliers.

While winter navigation is difficult, there is a further serious danger from blowing snow raised by almost any wind. It starts as a flowing tide, but lifts as the wind rises, higher and higher into the air until all landmarks are obliterated and landing through it on unknown terrain is extremely hazardous. If a pilot does not land before the snow commences to drift, he finds himself in a dangerous situation unless he can fly over it to a known safe landing beyond the storm.

Another danger of winter landings lies in the *zastrugi*, the small, hard, wave-like drifts that form in the direction of the prevailing northwest wind. These strain the undercarriage and may even throw a plane on to a wing and wreck it.

On the sea and large lakes ice seldom forms smoothly. Early storms break it and pack it in confusion, and pressure causes it to "raft." On the land there are innumerable boulders. Each winter, landing on unknown ice or snow is a problem to be studied in the light of considerable experience.

Another peril is caused by great fields of very low clouds that drift about the country with the variable winds of spring and autumn. Below them visibility is poor and navigation trying Climbing above them is not always practical since then all contact with the ground is lost.

The Arctic seasons were fairly well known in terms of life at a trading post, ship navigation, and native travel, but these had to be learned all over again in their relation to flying and landing. For this they may be generalized as follows:

Summer: July 15-September 15: Flying conditions usually good with innumerable safe landings.

Autumn: September 15-November 15: Generally mild; variable winds drive great cloud fields about the country which blanket the land and retard freezing. Few good flying days and landings dangerous when ice starts to form.

Winter: November 15-April 15: Generally clear sky; navigation difficult and drifting snow prohibits flying much of the time.

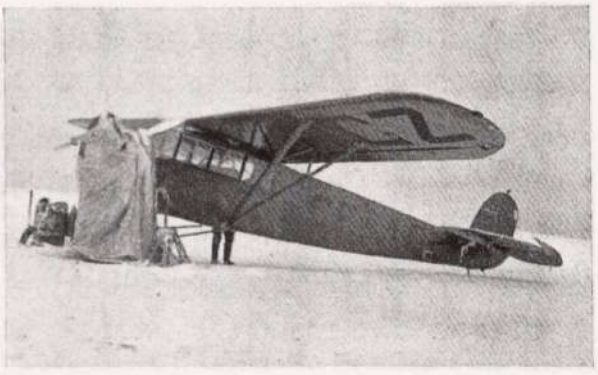
Spring: April 15-July 15: Misty from melting snow in the early season, flying poor; conditions good in June; then landings impossible on rotting ice.

However, in spite of all the seasonal hazards, flying may be carried on for a good part of every year with a knowledge of the dangers and how to avoid them. Today, many of the former risks have been removed by the wireless service established throughout the north. Before a pilot sets out, he knows what weather conditions he is likely to meet, the state of the ice, and by reporting departure and arrival his safety is assured or, in case of non-arrival, it is not too difficult to find him.

Many interesting flights were made during these early years, and so many pilots took part in them that it is difficult to single out individuals without slighting others, but certain pioneering ventures stand out even though they were made under more favourable conditions than subsequent ones. The Royal Canadian Air Force pioneered the Hudson Bay region, observing

Nor did this one.

G-CASQ in a weak moment at Burnside, Bathurst Inlet.



Warming up the engine with gasoline blow-pots.

ice conditions in the Straits in 1927-28. Broatch and Sutton, of Dominion Explorers, first flew from the then end of steel at Thicket Portage to Churchill and up the west coast of the Bay. Dickens, of Western Canada Airways, made the pioneering flight across the northern interior from Baker Lake by Thelon and Dubawnt Rivers to Lake Athabaska. For this he was awarded the McKee trophy. Vance and Reid, of the Northern Aerial Mineral Exploration Company, made the first North West Passage by air, flying from Hudson Bay by Baker Lake and Thelon River, thence to Bathurst Inlet, Coppermine, Great Bear Lake, and out by Mackenzie River.

The successful flight led by Vance from Hudson Bay to the Arctic in early September was followed two weeks later by the disastrous one of Thompson, of Western Canada Airways, and McMillan, of Dominion Explorers with the MacAlpine party of that company. Safe summer flying had changed to the challenging dangers of autumn. Bad weather and other misfortune forced the party down on the Arctic coast without sufficient gasoline to reach a base or trading post. By good management and the assistance of Eskimos, they reached Cambridge Bay two months later and were picked up by the search party. The aerial search for the MacAlpine party added new knowledge of flying in the north. Ten planes were used in the search, five actively. Of these five, three were wrecked. There were no casualties, but of the seven pilots chiefly concerned in this flying when often the safety factor had to be left behind, five lost their lives in crashes during the next two years.

The mineral exploration in the Barren Grounds westward from Hudson Bay did not lead to any important discoveries. The cost had been very high, and in 1930 capital was scarce and cautious. The Hudson Bay bases and the Barren Grounds were abandoned, and interest became centred on the western border of the pre-Cambrian formation, chiefly at Great Bear Lake. The exploration companies dropped their flying wing and chartered machines of independent flying organizations. Aerial operations thereby were placed on a sounder business basis.

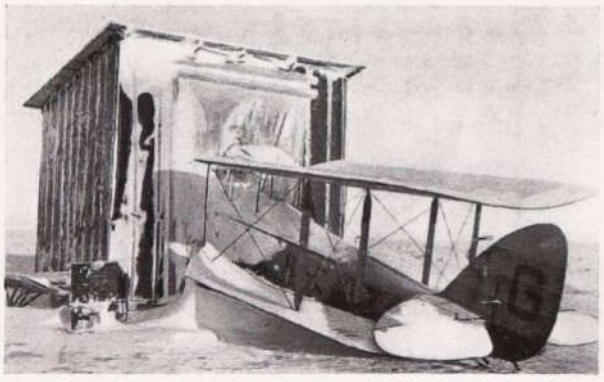
Once again, Mackenzie River country became the main artery into the north. In addition to the river itself, a natural aerial highway, a new airway was opened up from North Arm of Great Slave Lake to Great Bear Lake and the Arctic at the mouth of Coppermine River. Bases were established by the Mackenzie River Transport, of the Hudson's Bay Company, which has been navigating the river and its tributaries for many years. Since 1930 a steady, progressive development of flying operations has gone hand in hand with active developments in the country. Larger, more powerful machines have increased the flying range until practically all parts of the country are within reach of established bases. Machine shops, mechanics, and spare parts permit repairs made in the field that formerly caused expensive delays in the Bay operations. A network of wireless stations now covers most of the north in which flying is carried on. Increased business permitted the flying companies to build up stronger organizations and provide better service, with reserves of men and machines.

The northern mining industry has been one of the chief customers of aerial transport, and its development has depended very largely on it. Not only are prospectors transported and geologists brought to examine discoveries, but mining machinery, broken down into suitable units, is flown in, and mining executives, on whose decisions developments are undertaken, can keep in direct touch with field operations.

Aeroplanes form a logical arm of Canada's northern transport system, co-operating with rail and water and supplemented in places by truck and tractors. Each has its function. Aeroplanes can provide a service to localities which cannot be reached by water and at seasons when navigation is closed, and where costly railway construction is not justified. Air transportation has a mobility that is vital to the development of this vast new country. Planes may be concentrated where required, and little expense is involved in organizing a new airway. At the same time air traffic neither duplicates nor supplants ground transportation.

There has been a steady and substantial increase in northern aerial operations, Royal Canadian Air Force planes have made maps reaching far into the north. Three private companies operate out of Edmonton. Canadian Airways which absorbed the pioneer Western Canada Airways, Mackenzie Air Service and United Air Transport. During the past year their business is indicated by the following approximate figures: Flew two million miles; passengers, twelve thousand; freight, two thousand tons. These figures might be doubled if the northern operations carried on from Winnipeg and Prince Albert were added.

Perhaps the outstanding impression left by a review of flying in the north since the first expedition in 1920 is that of a swift, orderly development that faced and solved seemingly impossible obstacles.



Arctic hangar—a shelter for repairs.

Tricky landing.

Wings for HBC

By PAUL DAVOUD

IT is now almost twenty years since a group of men with foresight, faith and determination introduced into the north a new means of transportation which was destined to hurdle all barriers and revolutionize travel. Theirs were real pioneering efforts, and from a shaky beginning they forged ahead and amassed a wealth of information and experience upon which today's network of northern airways is based. It is a tribute to their ingenuity, will power and determination that they were able to conquer physical and geographical obstacles, and at last to demonstrate to travellers that the aeroplane could be relied upon during both summer and winter.

Summer operations presented few obstacles, chief of which was difficulty in taking off in hot weather on calm water. This has been practically overcome today by improved propeller and float design, and engine installations providing a large reserve of power for take-off. Northern operators have also learned much about improved ski undercarriages for landings on heavily drifted snow, but they are still held up and forced to land when certain conditions of temperature and humidity cause ice formation on wings and propellers. It is true that airliners operating on schedules over highly organized routes are equipped with elaborate facilities to deal with ice formation, but this expensive equipment is not justified on "bush" operations, as flying of this sort is carried out on a "contact" basis, in sight of the ground. If bad icing conditions are prevalent or encountered en route, the flights are usually cancelled, or the pilot may land on one of the thousands of lakes or rivers which cover the north and provide emergency landing fields at all times. When forced down in the north by ice formation, it is usually possible to crack the ice off the machine with a broom handle or stick, and then continue the flight if conditions are not too severe.

These, then, are the reasons for the enviable safety record established by northern operators—contact flying, experienced personnel, and the fact that practically every lake and river is a possible landing ground. Realizing the importance of communications, operators have equipped machines with radio, and most aircraft in the north today are constantly in two-way contact with their own company ground stations, as well as those operated by the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals and the Hudson's Bay Company.

During the past few years, this accepted and tried means of transportation has played an increasingly important role in the Company's fur trade operations, and on occasions complete outfits have been freighted to posts by air. The Fur Trade Commissioner and district managers now cover, in hours and minutes, distances that formerly required days and weeks of wearisome travel by boat, canoe, and dog team. Realizing the permanency and value of air transport in the north, and in order to ascertain the maximum benefits to be expected from its more extensive use, the Company has ordered a twin-engine, all metal, Beechcraft monoplane for fur trade operations. This machine will provide the highest degree of comfort and security and is equipped with all modern navigation and safety aids, as well as two-way radio. It has an outstanding all-round performance, flies exceptionally well with one motor out of operation, and cruises at 170 miles per hour on floats or skis. The machine, which will bear the registration markings "CF-BMI," will be flown from the factory to Winnipeg in April, where it will be taken over by the Company pilot, H. Winny, who will be in charge of its operation. After installing floats and equipment for extended northern operations and completing radio adjustments, the ship will proceed to Edmonton, which will be its home base. It will be used to provide close administrative control and transport facilities for the three western fur trade districts and the Mackenzie River Transport. It is probable that experimental freighting and regular trips to as many outlying posts as possible will be undertaken.

Notes and instructions will be issued shortly to all post personnel covering radio communication procedure marking and levelling of landing runways for winter operations and weather reporting, and preparations have been completed for establishing gasoline caches at various posts. Successful operation will greatly depend on the accuracy of weather reports and judgment of safe landing conditions, and the men at the fur trade posts will have an important part in establishing the alert ground control which is so helpful in extended operations. It is hoped that before long all air operators in the north will be able to know they can expect a high standard of accurate information and intelligent assistance from all fur trade posts.

When the Company's ship heads north in June, on each side of her streamlined nose will be a flag, rich in tradition and known everywhere—the Red Ensign with the familiar H B C lettering. Long flown from every post of the Hudson's Bay Company, it has carried into Canada's Arctic protection and understanding and prosperity. Now it will be a flash of bright colour along Arctic airways—but what it stands for has been written in the lives of fur traders over the span of three centuries.

Blue goose and Lesser Snow goose.

Flight of the Blue Goose

BURT GRESHAM

WAS Henry Hudson the first man to explode the centuries-old myth that geese hatched from barnacle shells which clung to the rock-bound costs of northern Old World islands? It seems a quaint notion today, but let us examine the scanty evidence which connects the ill-fated explorer with the discovery that literally stood the scientific world of the seventeenth century on its collective ear. In those days learned scholars firmly believed things at which the most credulous modern child would scoff.

From the time of the Romans, geese were regarded with a certain amount of awe and religious veneration. The Romans believed geese were the special charges of Juno, goddess of heaven, and kept cages of the sacred birds at the temples on Capitoline Hill. Once they cackled a warning that saved Rome from the invading armies of the Hun. When the old Roman gods lost their influence, people began to cast about for an explanation of natural happenings. Scholars of repute wrote learnedly of lambs which dropped, perfectly formed, from the ripening fruit of a tree. It was the day of the unicorn and other fabulous beasts created in imagination and existing only in the fog of ignorance.

Amongst others, a truly remarkable tale kept bobbing up and down through the ages and persisted until relatively modern times— the story that geese hatched from barnacles! People of the middle ages saw the geese swing north in the spring and return in the fall. No one ever saw them nest, so their origin became a matter of lively speculation, which in turn gave rise to the story, apparently first told by the twelfth century Danish historian, Saxo Grammaticus, who wrote that the birds grew from shells on the Orkney Islands.

It was not until the latter part of the sixteenth century that a Dutch sailor penetrated the Arctic ocean and saw that goslings hatch in truth from eggs in the same manner as barn-yard fowl. Bird literature does not identify this great sailor, but Henry Hudson could easily qualify as the discoverer. It is true that Hudson was an Englishman, but in 1608 he went to Amsterdam and, as Hendrik Hudson, enlisted in the service of the Dutch East India Company, which sent him on his third trip to the Arctic. On his next voyage, he sailed the little *Half-Moon* to America, went through the famous straits and into the Bay, where his mutinous crew set him adrift to sail forever through the romantic pages of history.

But this discovery, remarkable as it was, by no means solved all the mysteries connected with wild geese. For more than 300 years men have studied, worked and wondered to bridge the gaps in our knowledge of geese. Particularly is this true in the case of the Blue Goose—a species at once so common and yet so rare that comparatively few people have seen them. This paradox is explained by the fact that the birds have an extremely circumscribed wintering area and a narrow migration path; so much so, that while there are literally millions of birds within these bounds, outside of the limits, the birds are known only as rare stragglers indeed.

The nesting place of the Blue Goose was a complete mystery until ten years ago, when it was discovered on Baffin Island, and in that discovery Hudson's Bay men played an important part. Though the nesting grounds have been found, we have big gaps in our knowledge of the route the big flocks of geese take between their wintering grounds in the Louisiana salt marshes and their summer homes on the islands on the north side of Hudson Bay.

The saga of the Blue Goose's wanderings begins in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Mississippi river. If you look on a map, west of the river delta you will see Marsh Island, and eighty-five miles further west, the Mermentau river. In this section of the Gulf of Mexico, Blue Geese are to be found all winter long in incredible numbers. It has been estimated that seventy per cent. of all Blue Geese are here from October to the end of March, feeding on wild millet and grass roots.

The numbers of geese in the flocks may be judged by this story from E. A. McIlhenny, through whose generosity thousands of acres of marsh lands are now sanctuaries for the birds. In 1930, Mr. McIlhenny brought a boatload of coarse gravel, 120 tons of it, and

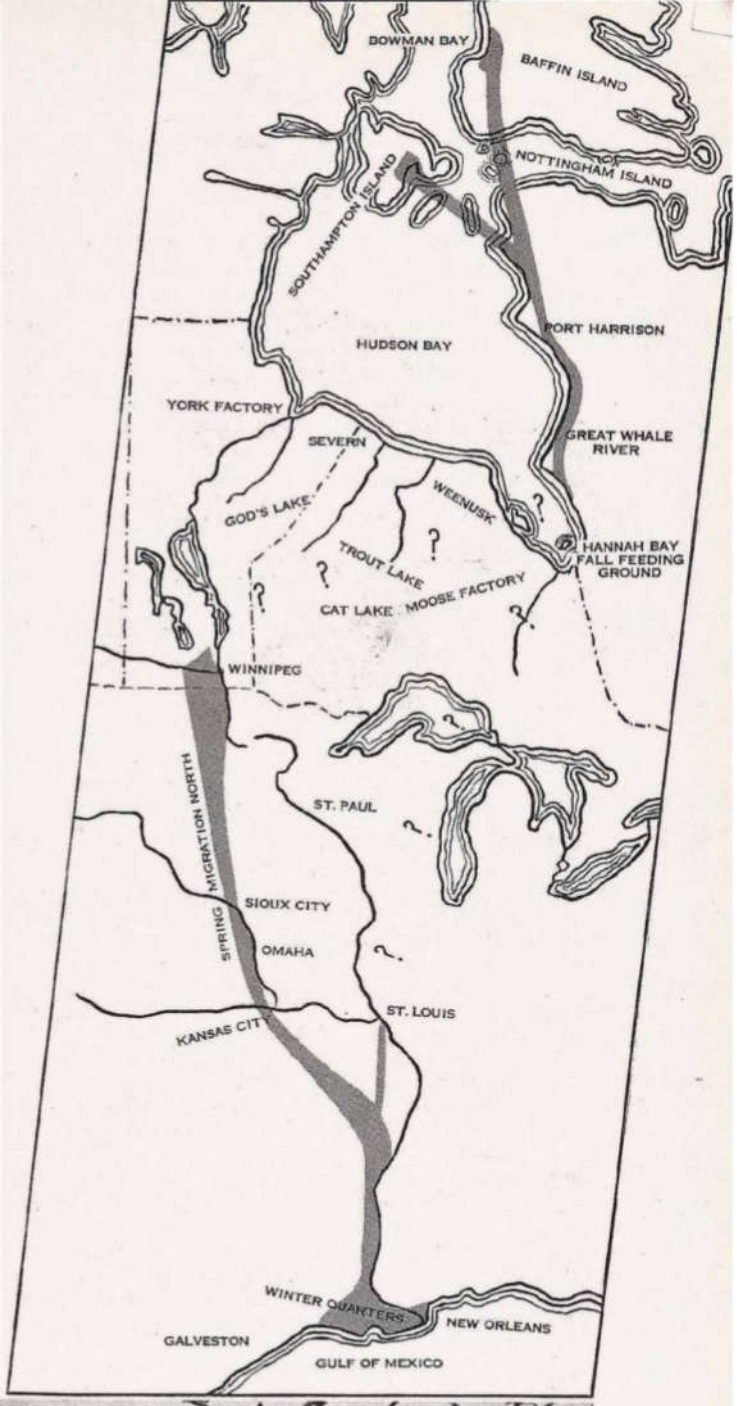
spread it for the use of the birds. Geese of course, require gravel for their gizzards to grind up the woody grass roots on which they feed. When spring came, Mr. McIlhenny went over to take stock of his gravel pile and found that the geese had consumed all but ten bushels of it during the one winter!

During the depths of winter, the geese spread out along the Gulf shore line in search of food. But by mid-March they begin to congregate in three huge flocks which Mr. McIlhenny estimates as high as 3,500,000 birds. One of the flocks gathers on the flats on the east side of the mouth of the Mississippi, the others on Marsh Island and in the vicinity of Bayou Constance. The Marsh Island flock alone covers a space from three to five miles long and from half a mile to a mile deep.

For several days and nights the geese stay in these compact bands, choosing their mates and preparing for the long trek to the sub-Arctic. They become extraordinarily tame and permit horsemen to walk their horses through the flocks. The birds do not take wing, just walk out from under the horses' feet and close up again. Their gabbling is so noisy it can be heard for miles and continues unabated day and night.

About the last week in March the flight for the north begins, not in one huge mass-movement, but in many small flocks, rarely numbering more than a hundred birds. For days the birds have been courting and filling the air with the tumult of their love-making and quarreling. Suddenly there is silence. The geese seem restless, anxious and vaguely disquieted. Then up goes a small flock and, without circling or turning, heads straight north. Every few minutes another flock takes off. The geese start off irrespective of whether it is day or night, until the marsh which had held up to two million birds is deserted, save for the croaking of frogs and the quacking of the few ducks that have not fallen victims to the urge of spring.

For years it was generally supposed the geese flew a non-stop compass course for the marshy prairie lands of southern Manitoba, but in fact, they stop for rest and food at several places in Iowa, Missouri, North and South Dakota. The general trend of their migration is first confined to a narrow band along the Mississippi River valley and then the Missouri River valley. By the first week of April, the first flocks are in Manitoba and by mid-April huge flocks, aggregating millions, are to be found in certain sloughs on the prairies west of Winnipeg. Of these sloughs, the best known is Grant's



Taking off from the prairies.

Lake, thirty-five miles from the city and a few miles north west of the little village of Rosser. Grant's Lake is a shallow depression which melting snows transform into a lake for the first summer months. Drains laid through the area years ago and more recently supplemented by additional ditches, in 1938 succeeded in completely drying up the marsh. A section of it has already been plowed and brought under crop, but the geese moved over a few miles to a similar locality.

Other flocks feed and rest at Oak Lake, and in Big Grass Marsh on the west side of Lake Manitoba, a short distance from the town of Gladstone.

It might be well at this point to recount the curious association of the Lesser Snow Geese with the Blue Geese. This association has persisted since time immemorial and occurs in all areas where the Blue Goose is known. In the southern wintering area, the proportion is about one Lesser Snow Goose to seventy Blue Geese. Further west it increases, until near Galveston, Texas, the proportions are reversed, and still further west, Blue Geese are extremely rare.

In Manitoba, the early migration to Grant's Lake shows far more Blue Geese than Lesser Snows. On the western limits of the migration, at Whitewater Lake near Boissevain, flocks of 400 or more Lesser Snow Geese can be seen without a solitary Blue Goose. But as the season progresses, the Snow Geese keep joining the Blue Geese so that their proportion grows as the season advances. Also to be found in the goose flocks are Canada Geese, White Fronted Geese and other less well known species such as the Ross Goose.

Leaving the geese for the time being at Grant's Lake, let us see what happens at James Bay. A letter received from Mr. A. F. Bland at York Factory to the Manager of the Hudson's Bay Company, Nelson River District, reads in part:

"The Blue Goose is far from plentiful on the west coast of (James) Bay at any time. The Lesser Snow Geese are the birds that are extremely plentiful both spring and fall from 40 miles north of Severn, right the way east to James Bay. Only an odd band of Blue Geese at the most pass either Severn or Weenusk. Generally it is just one Blue Goose mixed up in a band of Snow Geese.

"For every 1,000 Snow Geese seen, only one Blue Goose would be seen, that is, in the district mentioned. From very reliable information, I understand the Blue Goose keeps to the east side of James Bay and the Lesser Snow Geese to the west coast of Hudson's Bay and James Bay. Both Blue Geese and Lesser Snow Geese arrive around Severn and Weenusk about the 15th to 20th of May; if weather conditions are good they stay until the end of May and some, into June. If they do not stay, they continue on down the east coast. Both Blue Geese and Lesser Snow Geese arrive back again about Sept. 15 to Sept. 20th and stay around until freeze-up.

"Remember when I say the Blue Geese come or go, it refers to the odd one or two that are mixed up with the Lesser Snow Geese. Without any over-estimating, for every 100 Snow Geese killed, only one Blue Geese is killed, and only that one because everyone would make an effort to get it owing to their being so scarce."

Turning back again to Grant's Lake and the surrounding country, the birds increase daily until, by mid-April, there are tremendous flocks. In past years there were as many as 50,000,000 geese, principally Blue Geese and Lesser Snows on the prairie, and I have no reason to believe that this estimate is too large. I have spent many days and nights in the area, travelled by car, canoe and airplane over the district many times since 1927, and I feel that the task of correctly numbering the birds, even approximately, is as difficult as counting the blades of grass in a meadow.

By early May, there is a gradual lessening in the numbers of the geese. By analogy with the flights from Louisiana, the birds must take off in relatively small flocks for Baffin Island, and here is the beginning of the trackless passage the Blue Geese make from Manitoba to James Bay. For 1,000 miles roughly they pass without trace. By still further analogy, they are likely to follow the valley of some great river system as they customarily do between Louisiana and Manitoba. Perhaps the route follows the Winnipeg River, the English River, through Lake St. Joseph and the Albany River to the Bay, where the Blue Geese flocks turn northward past Charlton Island and continue up the east coast, while their white cousins take the west shoreline. The Blue Geese flight, after passing along Nastapoka Sound, Port Harrison, must fork near Mansel Island, one branch continuing north past Cape Wolstenholme to Bowman Bay, where J. Dewey Soper found them nesting in 1929. The other branch continues in a more northwesterly direction to Southampton Island, where they were found nesting in 1930 by George Miksch Sutton.

Three reasons may be advanced why the birds are not seen during the thousand mile flight in the spring from Manitoba. The first and most obvious one is that they steer a course over almost unbroken wilderness. Save for a Hudson's Bay post or a mine, the country is much the same as when Prince Rupert became the first governor of the Company. Secondly, the geese are in flight at a time when travel is virtually impossible because of spring thaws. Even airplane travel is temporarily halted. Thirdly, it is quite possible the geese are flying at tremendous heights and thereby escape detection. In support of the last supposition, it is interesting to know that an astronomer in India, engaged in photographing the sun, obtained a photograph of geese flying at an altitude of 29,000 feet.

The fall flights of the geese brings them back to Hannah Bay, in the extreme south of James Bay, by mid-September. The fall flights are more spectacular than the spring flights, it is said, because of the larger size of the flocks and the fact that the old birds are augmented by the young birds of the year. Then, after feeding until early October, the geese leave before freeze-up and are largely lost sight of until they reach as far south as St. Louis.

Of course, it is entirely possible for the geese to cover these thousand mile gaps in one long sustained flight. They can average fifty miles an hour with a favorable wind and the jump would last twenty hours, which may be the explanation of why they are not seen. If they took off late in the afternoon in either May or October they would have at least ten hours of darkness to hide their movements; and the other ten hours they might be travelling too high for human sight.

The goose story is incomplete without the tale of the finding of their nests in Baffin Island by J. Dewey Soper, an official of the Department of the Interior. Mr. Soper's search, a little known epic of the north country, began in 1923, when, as naturalist to the Canadian Arctic expedition, he visited Greenland, Baffin Island, Ellesmere and North Devon Islands. During the voyage of 7,000 miles he picked up a likely

Shallow lakes provide good feeding.

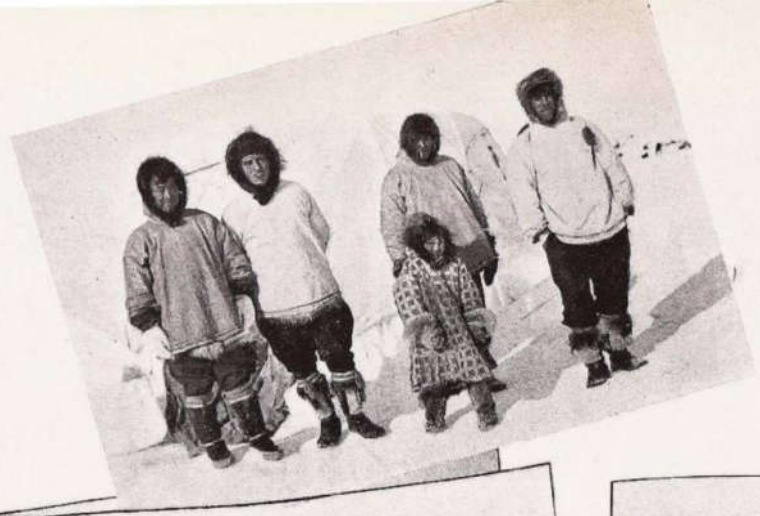
Spring sky on the Blue Goose trail.

Clouds of geese.

clue, for Eskimos told of seeing Blue Geese in midsummer in Baffin Island. Next year he returned to the search, travelling 1,400 miles by dog-team through Baffin Island hunting further information. Nothing definite resulted from this trip and another unsuccessful expedition was made in 1926, when he received confirmation that he was on the right track. He returned to Baffin Island in 1928 in the fall and spent the winter mapping and making an approach to Foxe Basin. As soon as spring weather permitted travel, he set out with Eskimos and reached Bowman Bay. There, on June 26, 1939, he was rewarded by the sight of the first nests of wild Blue Geese any white man had yet beheld. Patience, skill and endurance had unravelled another of the north country's closely guarded secrets, but not until Mr. Soper had travelled 30,300 miles in his six-year quest. The search for the Blue Geese nest, incidentally, resulted in Mr. Soper making the first successful crossing and return across Baffin Island by the overland route. Bernhard Hantzech, the German ornithologist who had attempted it previously, perished at the mouth of the river which now bears his name.

In his report, published by the Department of the Interior, Mr. Soper pays tribute to the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company who gave him material aid in making the search. Among those mentioned are F. Heath, formerly of Pangnirtung, David Wark, of Amadjuak Bay, Henry Voisey, of Dorset, and James Aitken, of Dorset.

It is now possible that Hudson's Bay Company officers in northern Ontario may be able to add one more chapter to the unravelling of the Blue Goose's wanderings by supplying data to reveal their path through that thousand-mile trackless passage which bird students are seeking. At present, only the millions of geese, whose honking brings the glad tidings of advancing spring, know where their hidden migration path lies.



Left to right: George Porter, Father Buliard, Rufus, and Pat Keevik, outside the dance hall.

FORT COLLINSON, WALKER BAY,
VICTORIA ISLAND, N.W.T.,
MAY 6TH, 1938

IT was on Thursday, April 14, as we were about to finish painting the office, that I heard there was a big gathering of Eskimos over at Porter's. That morning when we were starting to work Andy Klengenberg arrived. He is the third eldest son of Charles Klengenberg, first white man to trade on Victoria Island, and co-author of the book, *Klengenberg in the Arctic*. Andy told us that twenty-eight teams had arrived at George Porter's camp on Wednesday, including Father Buliard, a missionary. Seven more teams had come in that morning and there were about a hundred persons, three hundred dogs, and many igloos surrounding George's house. Therefore we quit work and tidied up the post house.

At 12.30 Father Buliard arrived, accompanied by Tom Chicksi, who brought along his wife Ella, three-year-old son Bobby, and their baby girl of seven weeks, Ilgok. The Father had brought our mail, for which we were very grateful, but he did not stop long to talk, promising to come and visit us in a few days.

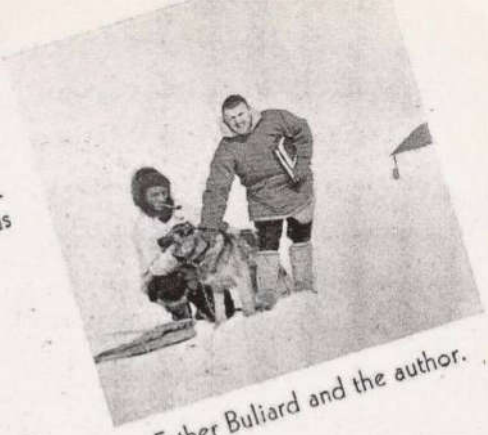
Good Friday was a quiet and not a very nice day. There was a strong east wind blowing, making the snow drift heavily, and we felt sorry for the "Easter bunny" on such a day.

On Saturday we had a number of visitors: Atoutika, Howgarth, Kutchick, Anaumik, Nokudluk, and Oolooaryuk, whom we call Kogmolliks; Tom and William Chicksi, Rufus, Little Jim, and Brother Tommy Goose, the Father's guide, all Western natives. They had a mug-up, did a little trading, talked awhile, and departed.

Easter Sunday was a repetition of Good Friday, drifting and cold. Our Company flag was flying in honor of the day.

Easter Monday was dull and cloudy, but the clouds were slowly moving east, and to the west a patch of blue on the horizon was gradually widening. I took my camera and set out for Porter's to take pictures of the large gathering of the Eskimo clans. I crossed the little lake where we cut our ice in October, over a short por-

Sad children outside the snow-house where the funeral was held.



Father Buliard and the author.

3

tage and a bottle-neck bay, then around a high bluff, crossing a wide bay to the opposite shore. Upon climbing a low hill, I saw the camp about a thousand yards to my left and twenty-five feet below me. The six-mile walk took me eighty minutes.

Many people came to greet me with smiles and handshaking. There were David Pektukano, Ikey Bolt, Andy and Bob Klengenberg, Rufus, Little Jim, Michael Amos, Tom, Jim, and Elias Kaleenik, George Porter, Father Buliard, and later Alex Stefansson. A number of the women had babies on their backs, and children of all ages were running in and out of the snow houses; others clinging shyly to their mother's skirts. Soon after my arrival I heard the sad news of little Ilgok's death. Ilgok had died early that morning, the only daughter of Tom and Ella Chicksi. I watched the men make a small coffin, which was taken to a large snow-house where Ikey Bolt, Eskimo lay minister of the Anglican church, presided over the funeral service. I did not see the service as the snowhouse was too

4

crowded, but I could hear the congregation singing hymns.

I crawled into one of the many igloos and was welcomed by a man and his wife, who were surrounded by children. Their names have slipped my memory. To the youngsters I gave some chewing gum—kootchuck—which they accepted with shy smiles, especially the girls, and a low murmur of thanks—kawana. They had just made tea, from water boiled above a long seal-oil lamp and poured over Fort Garry tea in a tin teapot. I politely took a cup and drank it, being careful not to look too closely for deer hairs and the like.

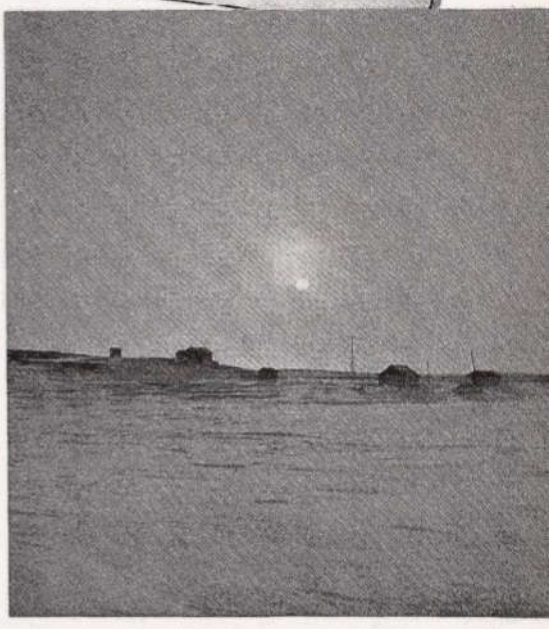
I called at other igloos, but did not stop long as the inmates knew very little English, and I very little Eskimo. At one house the occupants lit a primus stove and placed a large black stew pot over it. I cut my visit short as I was not very keen on investigating the contents of that pot. But I was cordially received wherever I stopped, and made many friends, partly due, I suppose, to my supply of kootchuck. Gum chew-

EASTER FESTIVAL

WALKER BAY

1938

Apprentice Ernest Donovan writes from Walker Bay, Victoria Island, 360 miles north of the Arctic Circle. His letter describes the Easter encampment of Eskimos pictured at the left. The pictures were taken, developed and printed by the author at this far northern post.



Fort Collinson.

ing is quite an art with the Eskimo. They like to stretch it out, make loud noises as they chew heartily, and when one gets tired, he passes on his gum to another, or the children hand it to their mothers to chew for awhile. I guess that is because it is so scarce.

I had afternoon tea with George Porter and the Father in George's house, and later went out to play ball. The young Eskimo lads and lassies were playing a combination of rugby, football, and catch, with a small rubber ball. The girls would throw the ball to each other, trying to keep it from the boys, who often tackled them rugby style. The girls, too, often brought the boys down, if not by science, at least by force of numbers. There were two boys, Jimmy and Avacana, who tried to hog the ball at every opportunity, so I went on the girls' side, throwing the ball to them whenever I could. As I was a little older and faster than most of the boys, and knew more about rugby, this evened things up. One girl, Tipanna, who had large, brown, twinkling eyes and was full of fun, got hurt in one of the pile-ups, but instead of helping her the others left her crying in the snow. I thought this strange, so I helped her to her feet, brushed the snow off her artigii, and escorted her to her family's igloo. A package of gum helped to console her, along with the rubber ball, which some of the girls presented to her.

Later in the afternoon there was a race among the young men. Chicksialuk sent them off, the signal being the third shot from a 30-30. The course lay across the frozen bay to a small reef and back, a distance of about three miles. There were three prizes for the winners in the race: flour or mukpauya, sugar, and tobacco. Norman came in first; close behind came Pat Keevik; and the third man was a hundred yards behind him. The others were strung out far behind. The Father had started in the race but only in fun, for he stopped and waved to the crowd every two hundred yards or so, which drew a laugh, but he soon got tired of chasing the others and returned. The winner's time was forty-one minutes. About half past six I left with Ed. Mahook in his toboggan, pulled by five dogs, and returned home.

Tuesday, we had another large group of visitors: the Chicksi family, Mr. and Mrs. David Pektukano, their two daughters Susan and Emily, and baby John. Their eldest daughter did not come, a very nice young girl of seventeen, Mary Lou. Both Susan and Mary have been to school at Aklavik, but both are shy, using their knowledge of English very little. Then there was the Stefansson family, Little Jim, Ikey Bolt, and others. They came to bury Ilgok, but first everyone had tea and biscuits in the post house. Susan and Ella washed the dishes. The men dug a shallow grave on top of a hill behind the post, and the women went up later to the service held by Ikey Bolt. Each team brought us a load of ice from the small lake, and after the service it was piled on our ice rack and they all left.

About six-thirty, with Chicksialuk, who had remained behind to talk with Mr. Rowan, the post manager, I walked over to Porter's to see the native dances. The dance-hall was a very large snowhouse, about twenty feet in diameter, seven feet high, with the top covered by a tarpaulin.

First there were the *Kogmollik* dances. A man or woman beat a drum made from thin deerskin soaked in water and stretched over a round hoop. This one was about eighteen inches in diameter, though they have larger ones varying in size up to four feet. To the beat of the drum they dance or rabbit hop and chant their songs. The assembled ring of people join in the chorus of the song, keeping time by clapping their hands or chanting an accompaniment.

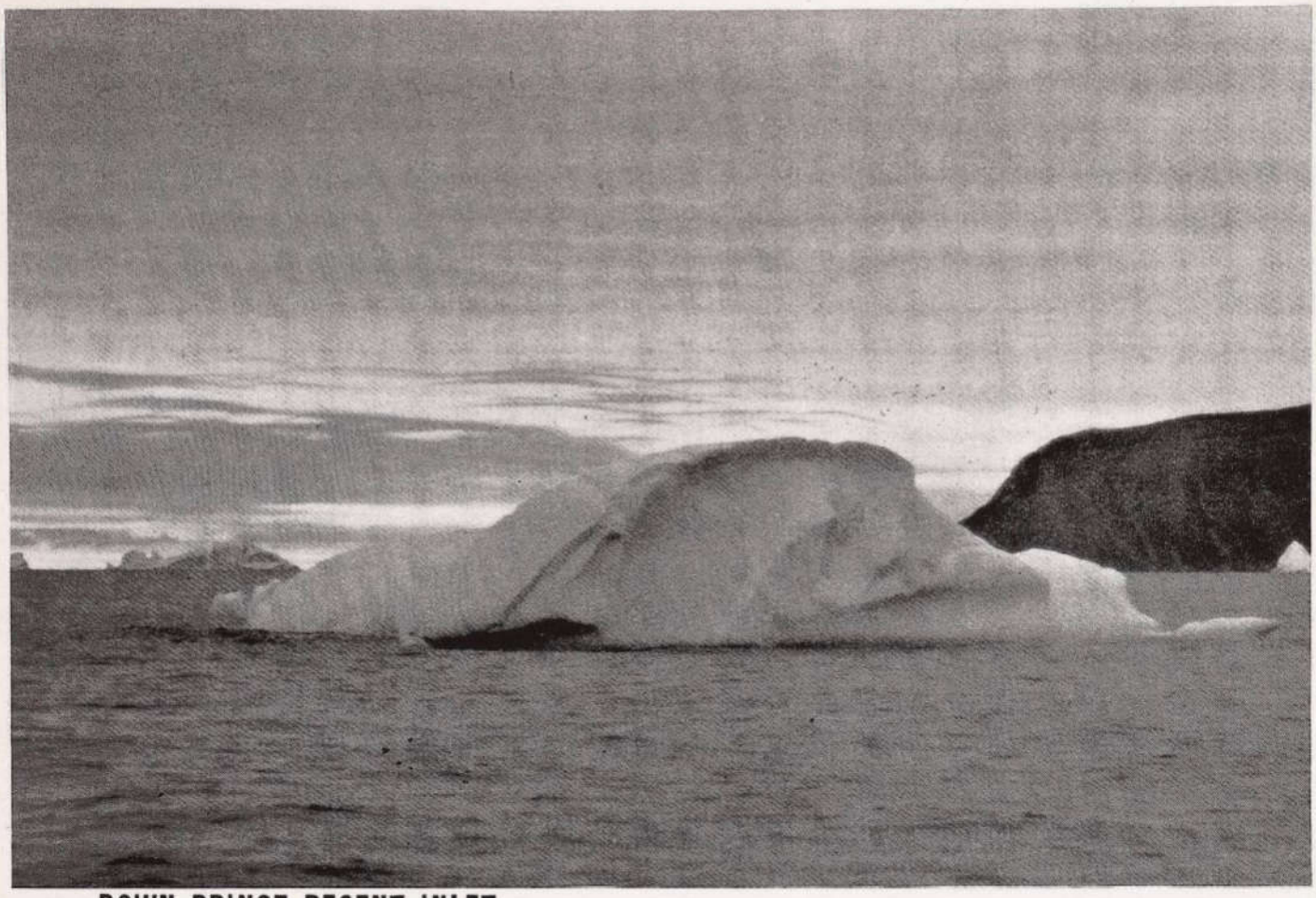
In their songs they tell of their hunting abilities and recite stories of their ancestors. Sometimes they make fun of some member of the audience, who retaliates when the banterer is through. This particular night the dancer wore a headdress or *nassava*, a close-fitting scull cap made of deerskin and sealskin woven in a checkered pattern. The *nassava* comes to a peak in the middle like a horn, which is formed by the head of a loon or *toodlik*. The headdress is tied under the chin, and thin streamers hang down from the peak, which are kept flying from side to side by the jerky movements of the dancers' heads.

At one a.m. the older folks retired, but the young bloods stayed to square dance. The first few dances were with four couples, then six. Those taking part were mostly Western natives who could speak English fairly well. There were three "callers"—Michael, Rufus, and Norman—who had learned the calls from gramophone records. The orchestra consisted of a guitar and a mouth organ, the tunes being familiar square dance melodies like *O Them Golden Slippers*. Among the girls dancing were Mary Lou and Susan Pektukano, Mrs. Ikey Bolt, and Tipanna. I joined in one, but as I had not learned to dance before I left civilization, I got pretty well mixed up. The hall was lighted by candles, and the hands and feet of the members of the orchestra were kept warm by a primus stove.

The dance broke up at three and we all went to George's house for tea. I spent the rest of the night on the house floor. Also in the two-roomed house were Father Buliard, David Pektukano, his wife, baby boy and one daughter; Jim Kaleenik, his wife and baby daughter, and Kaleenik Sr. and his wife. These filled one wall. Elias and myself, beside the cook stove, filled that half of the house. Between the stove and the door were Alex Stefansson, his wife and two small daughters. Along the other wall was Pat Keevik. In the partitioned-off bedroom were George Porter, his wife and baby son in the only bed, and beside it his older son George, and daughter Mary. Underneath the bed were Mary and Susan Pektukano. What room was left wouldn't have fitted a ghost had the place been haunted.

We rose at ten. First the babies were fed by their mothers to stop their cries of hunger that filled the house, while Mrs. Stefansson prepared breakfast. Eskimo mothers nurse their children till they are a few years old. I have seen youngsters of three to five years being nursed, but I am told that some are fed longer. One story was about a young lad of ten who was visiting with his mother at Perry River Post, of the Hudson's Bay Company. He dug his hand into a tin of tobacco when it was passed around to the men, and rolled himself a cigarette. After lighting it and puffing away for a few minutes, he handed it to his mother, then lifted up her artigii, found one of her breasts and quenched his thirst and hunger. When he had finished, he retrieved his cigarette from his parent, who had taken a few drags and then let it go out in a flurry of conversation with the other women. The young man relit it and finished his smoke.

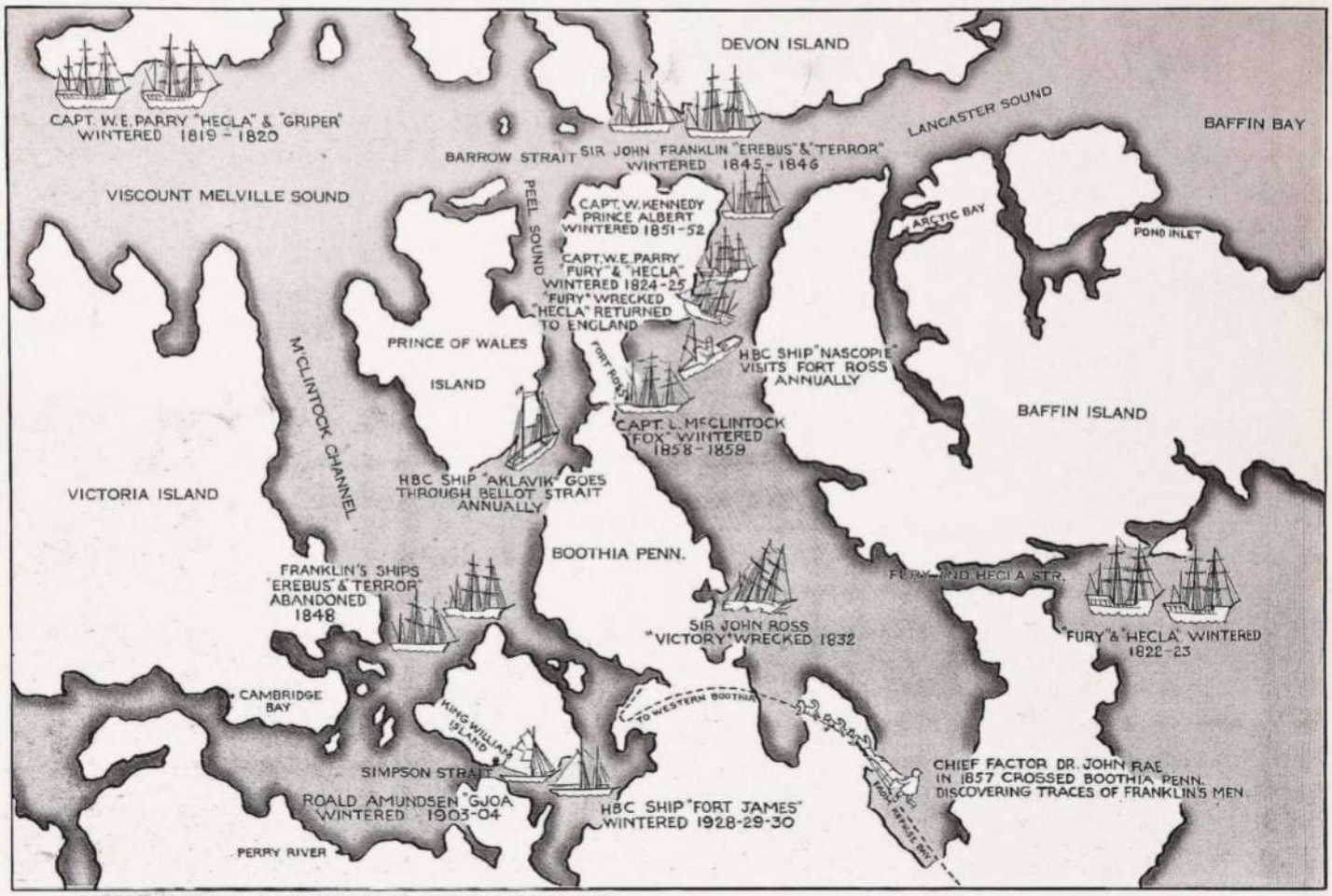
By this time, with the help of Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Stefansson had the breakfast ready, which consisted of hardtack with butter, and weak coffee. Afterwards I left with Father Buliard, who drove his own team of seven pups, to return to the post—Fort Collinson—which has been my home this winter.



DOWN PRINCE REGENT INLET

FORT ROSS AND THE NORTH WEST PASSAGE

Off Prince Regent Inlet, at the mouth of Bellot Strait is Fort Ross. It is a region dotted with the graves of men and ships lost in the centuries long search for the North West Passage. By the terms of its Royal Charter, the Hudson's Bay Company undertook to discover "in the North west part of America" a new passage "into the South Sea." Such Company men as John Rae and Thomas Simpson—to name only two—made their contributions to the Arctic map. Not until 1928 did a Company ship, the small Fort James, travel from the Eastern Arctic to King William Island on the west. The route lay to the north and west of Somerset Island, the same used by Roald Amundsen, first man to make the Passage in 1903-6. In 1937 two Company ships, the Nascopie from the east and the Aklavik from the west, met in Bellot Strait and built Fort Ross post above the most northern tip of the continent.

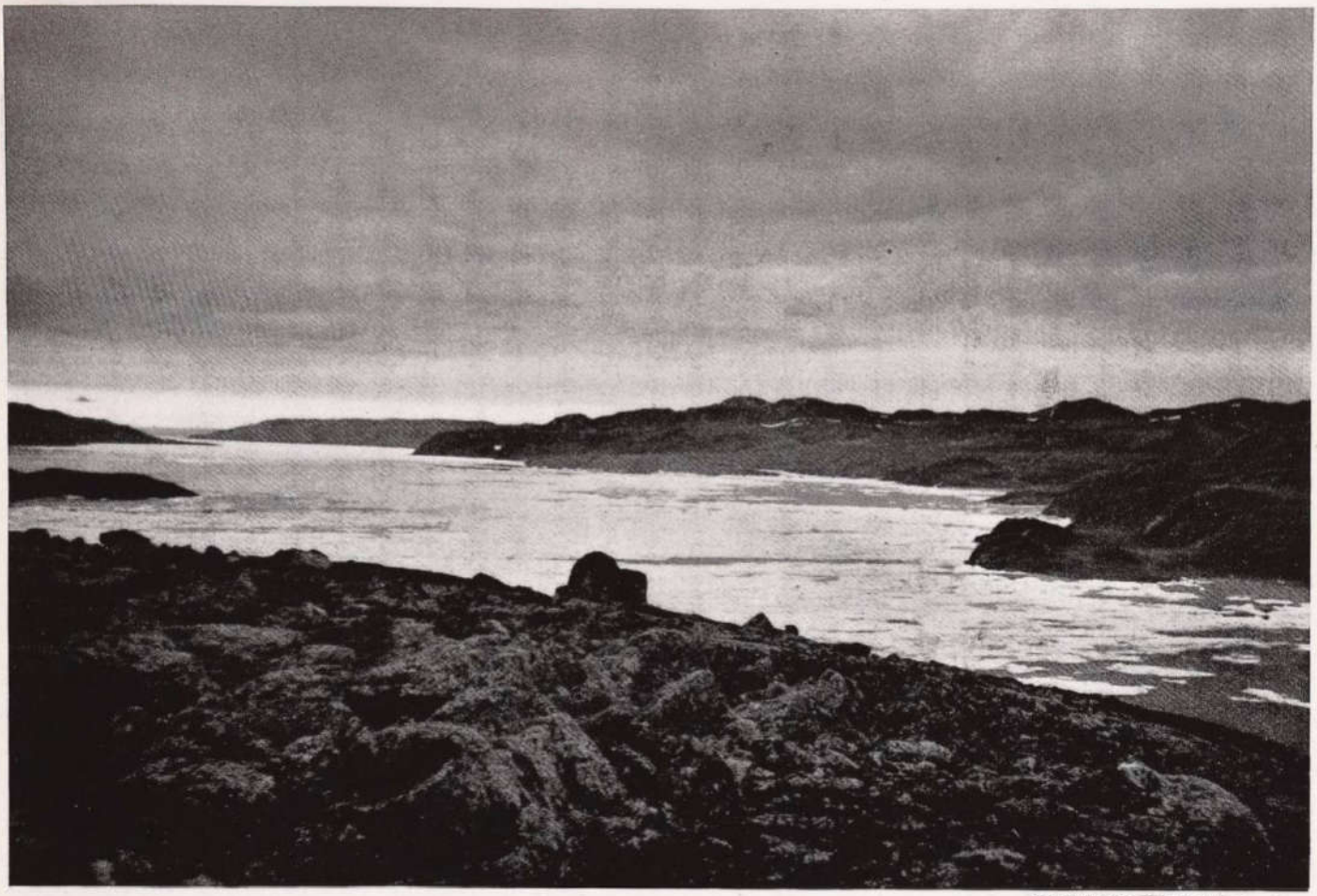

DEVON ISLAND
CAPT. W.E. PARRY "HECLA" & "GRIPER" WINTERED 1819 - 1820
LANCASTER SOUND
BAFFIN BAY
BARROW STRAIT
SIR JOHN FRANKLIN "EREBUS" & "TERROR" WINTERED 1845 - 1846
VISCOUNT MELVILLE SOUND
PEEL SOUND
CAPT. W. KENNEDY PRINCE ALBERT WINTERED 1851-52
ARCTIC BAY
POND INLET
CAPT. W.E. PARRY "FURY" & "HECLA" WINTERED 1824-25 "FURY" WRECKED "HECLA" RETURNED TO ENGLAND
PRINCE OF WALES ISLAND
M'CLINTOCK CHANNEL
HBC SHIP "NASCOPIE" VISITS FORT ROSS ANNUALLY
FORT ROSS
BAFFIN ISLAND
CAPT. L. McCLINTOCK "FOX" WINTERED 1858 - 1859
HBC SHIP "AKLAVIK" GOES THROUGH BELLOT STRAIT ANNUALLY
VICTORIA ISLAND
BOOTHIA PENN.
FRANKLIN'S SHIPS "EREBUS" & "TERROR" ABANDONED 1848
FURY AND HECLA STR.
SIR JOHN ROSS "VICTORY" WRECKED 1832
"FURY" & "HECLA" WINTERED 1822-23
CAMBRIDGE BAY
TO WESTERN BOOTHIA
KING WILLIAM ISLAND
SIMPSON STRAIT
CHIEF FACTOR DR. JOHN RAE IN 1857 CROSSED BOOTHIA PENN. DISCOVERING TRACES OF FRANKLIN'S MEN
ROALD AMUNDSEN "GJOA" WINTERED 1903-04
HBC SHIP "FORT JAMES" WINTERED 1928-29-30
PERRY RIVER

SHIPS THAT ATTEMPTED THE PASSAGE

SHERIFF HARBOUR, WHERE JOHN ROSS'S "VICTORY" WAS ABANDONED

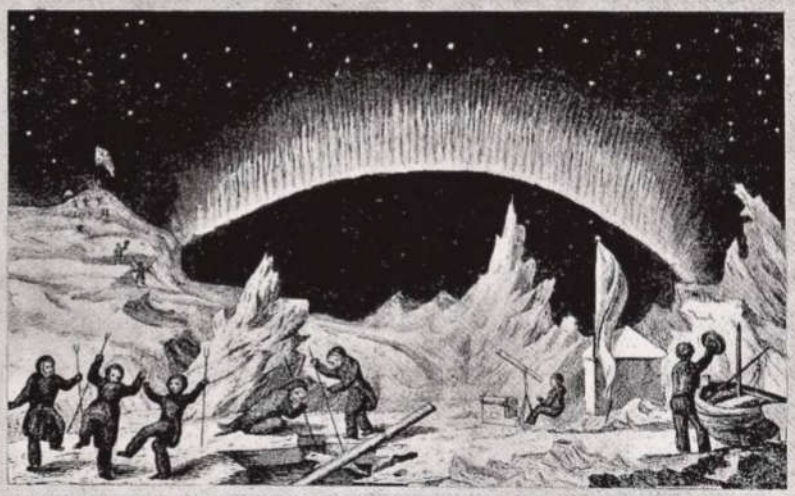
This map of Canada's central Arctic shows the positions reached by some of the major expeditions in search of the Passage. Capt. W. E. Parry in 1819 reached the farthest west by sailing through Lancaster Sound, Barrow Strait, and anchoring in Winter Harbour on Melville Island where Ice blocked his way. In 1823-24 he tried to pass through Fury and Hecla Strait only to meet more ice. Sir John Franklin followed Parry's route to Cape Walker, but turned south by Peel Sound and Franklin Strait to be hemmed in by ice west of King William Island. Sir John Ross's "Victory" got through Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent Inlet, missed Bellot Strait, and wintered in Felix Harbour

Lorene Squire



BELLOT STRAIT

in 1829-30. The "Victory," never clear of ice again, was abandoned in Sheriff Harbour in 1832. The men were rescued after they had made their way in open boats to Cape York and Navy Board Inlet. During this expedition James Ross discovered the Magnetic Pole, Matty Island, King William Island, and named Victory and Franklin Points. In 1852 Capt. W. Kennedy and Lieut. Rene Bellot wintered on Somerset Island, and discovered Bellot Strait. Capt. Leopold M'Clintock in 1858-59 made five attempts to sail through Bellot Strait. In 1857 Dr. John Rae, of the Hudson's Bay Company, crossed Boothia Peninsula by dog team from Repulse Bay.

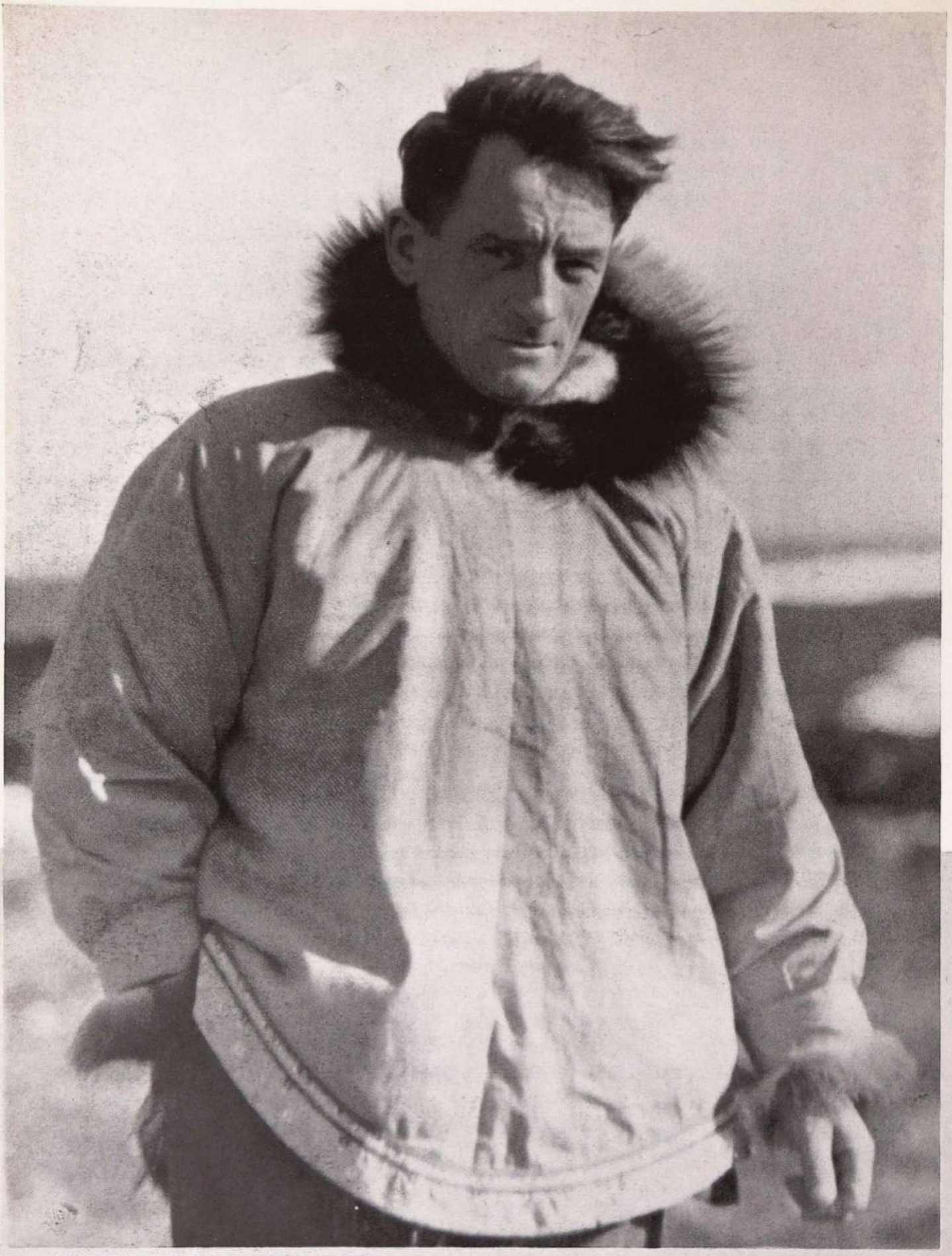


JAMES ROSS PLANTS THE BRITISH FLAG AT THE MAGNETIC POLE

ESKIMOS SEE THE SHIP'S ARRIVAL

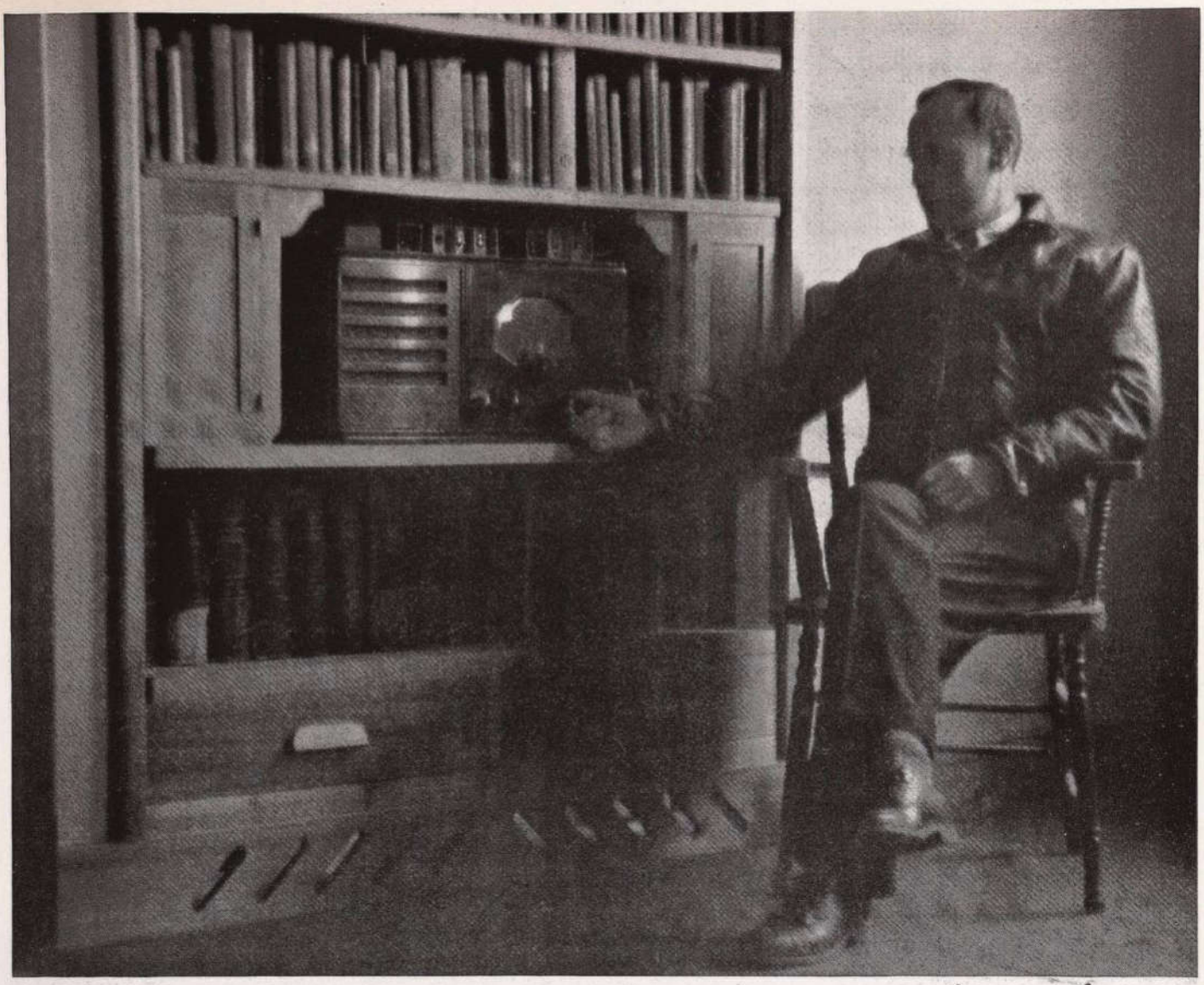
Lorene Squire

BRINGING SUPPLIES ASHORE



CHIEF TRADER L. A. LEARMONTH

Fort Ross on Bellot Strait was his dream.



Lorene Squire

THREE DIVERSIONS—

Donald Goodyear built the bookcase. The books went north by the Nascopie. Fort Ross is Company Radio Station CY7L.

THE PROUDEST POSSESSION

Is a portrait of Sir John Ross for whom the post is named. It is framed in wood from the "Victory," which he commanded.

THE POST HOUSE

Red and white, built in 1937. The windmill charges the radio batteries.

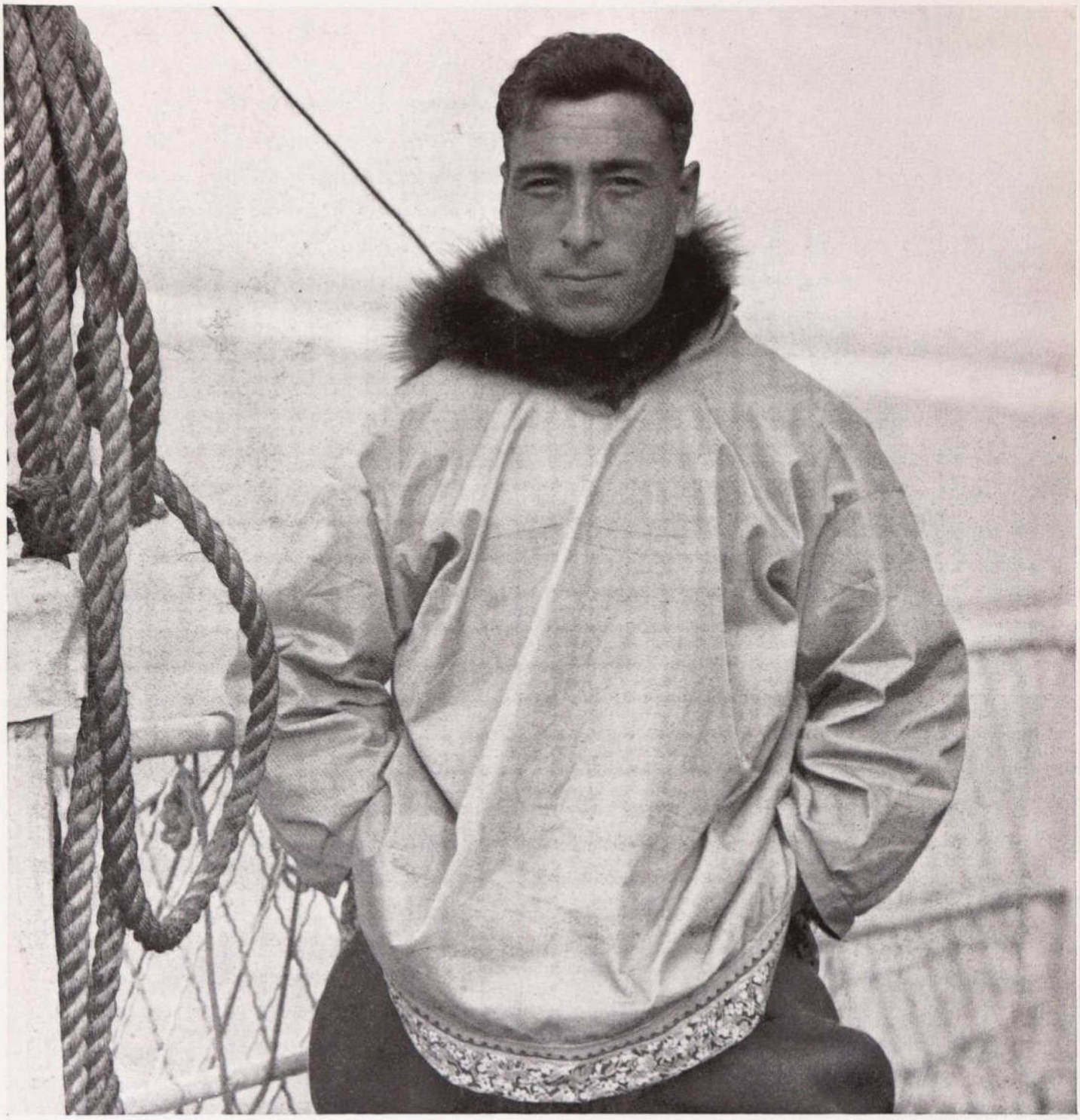
Lorene Squire

THE TRADING STORE

Unfinished when the ship left in 1938.

THE FLAGPOLE BY THE WAREHOUSE

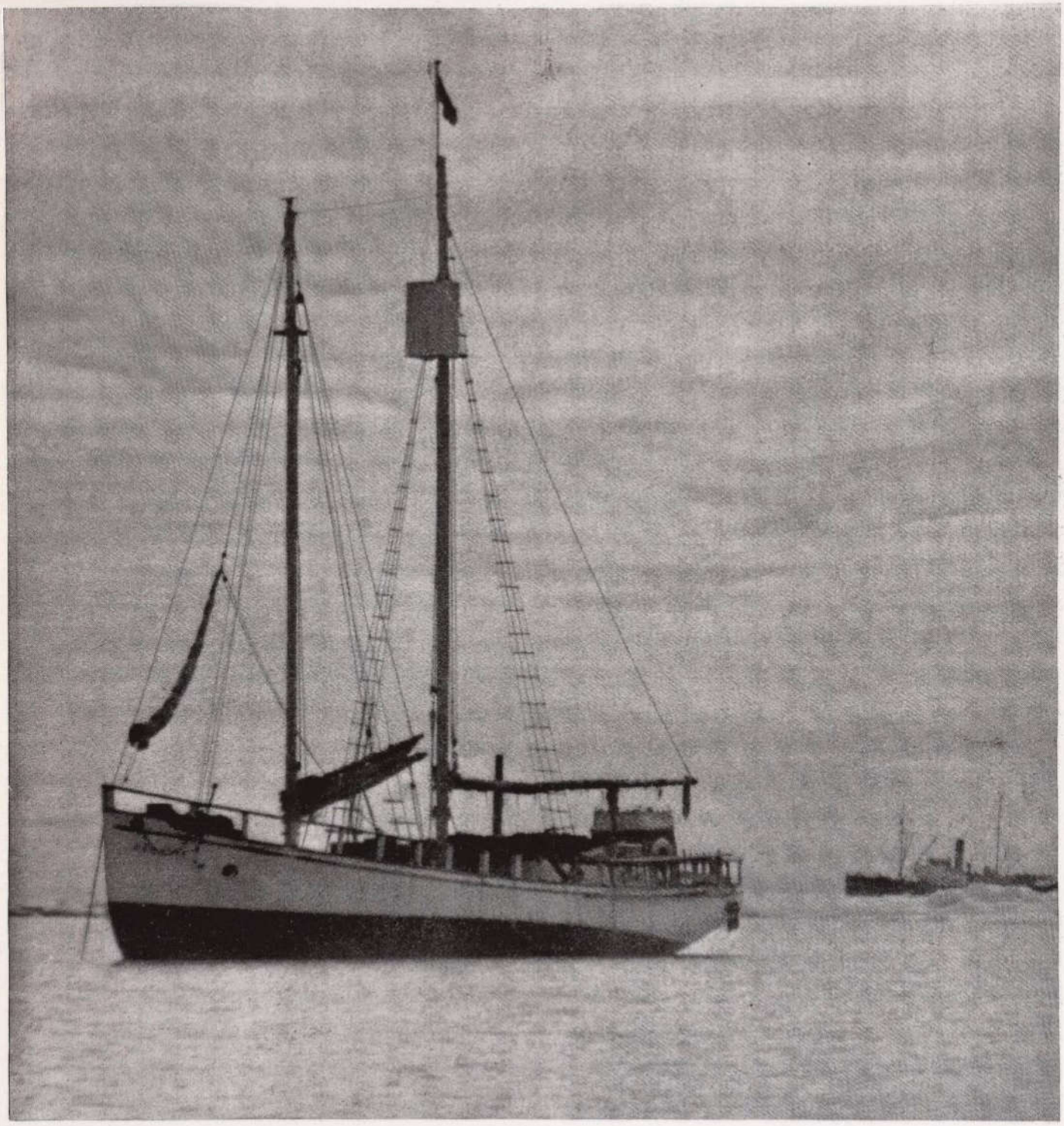
Was made from the yardarm of the "Pelican," former supply ship to posts in the Bay.



PATSY KLENGENBERG

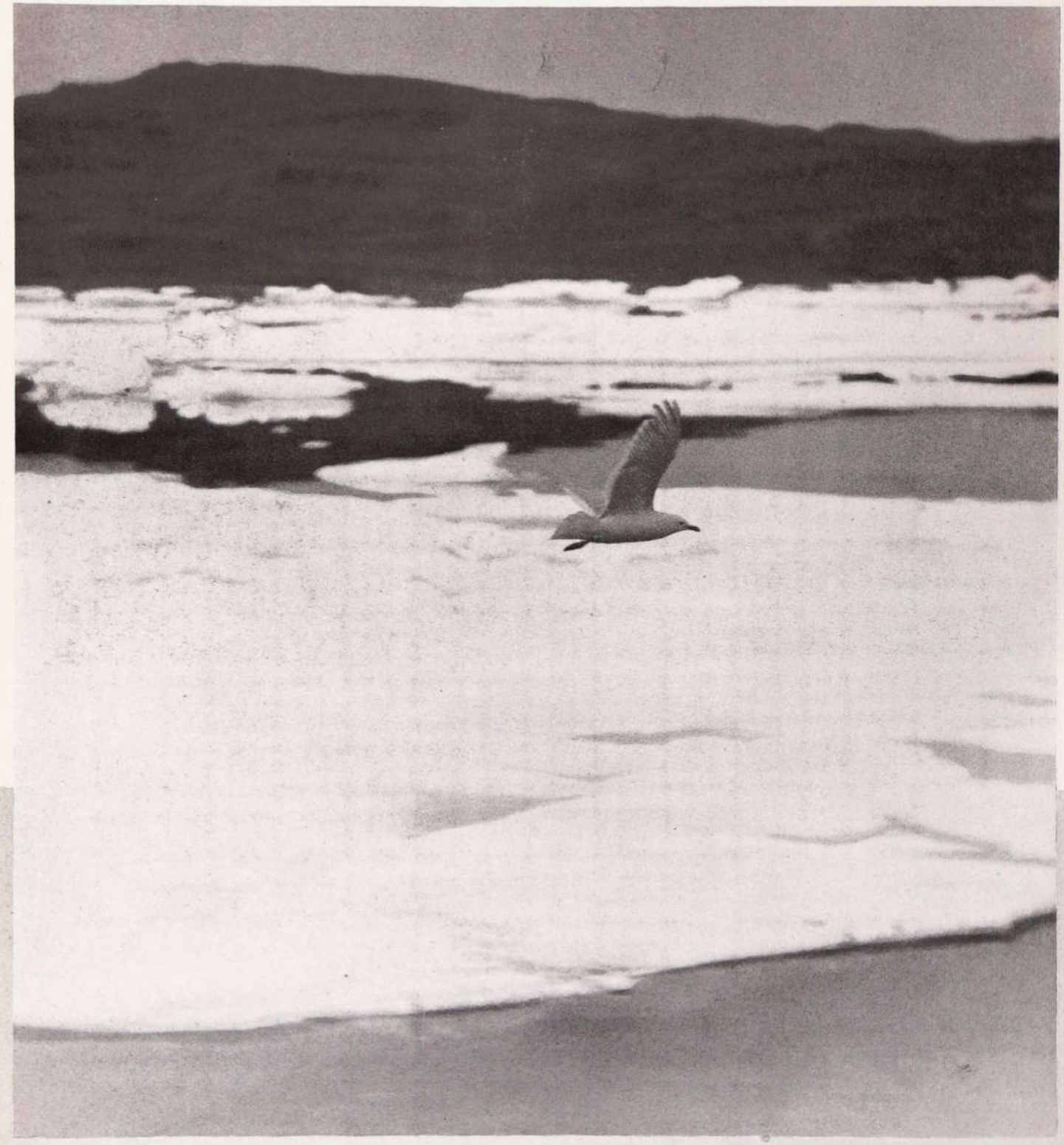
Trapper, hunter, sailor, engineer and storied figure of the north. Bellot Strait holds no terrors for him. As well as being skipper of the Aklavik, he operates his own trading post on Wilmot Island far to the west.

Lorene Squires



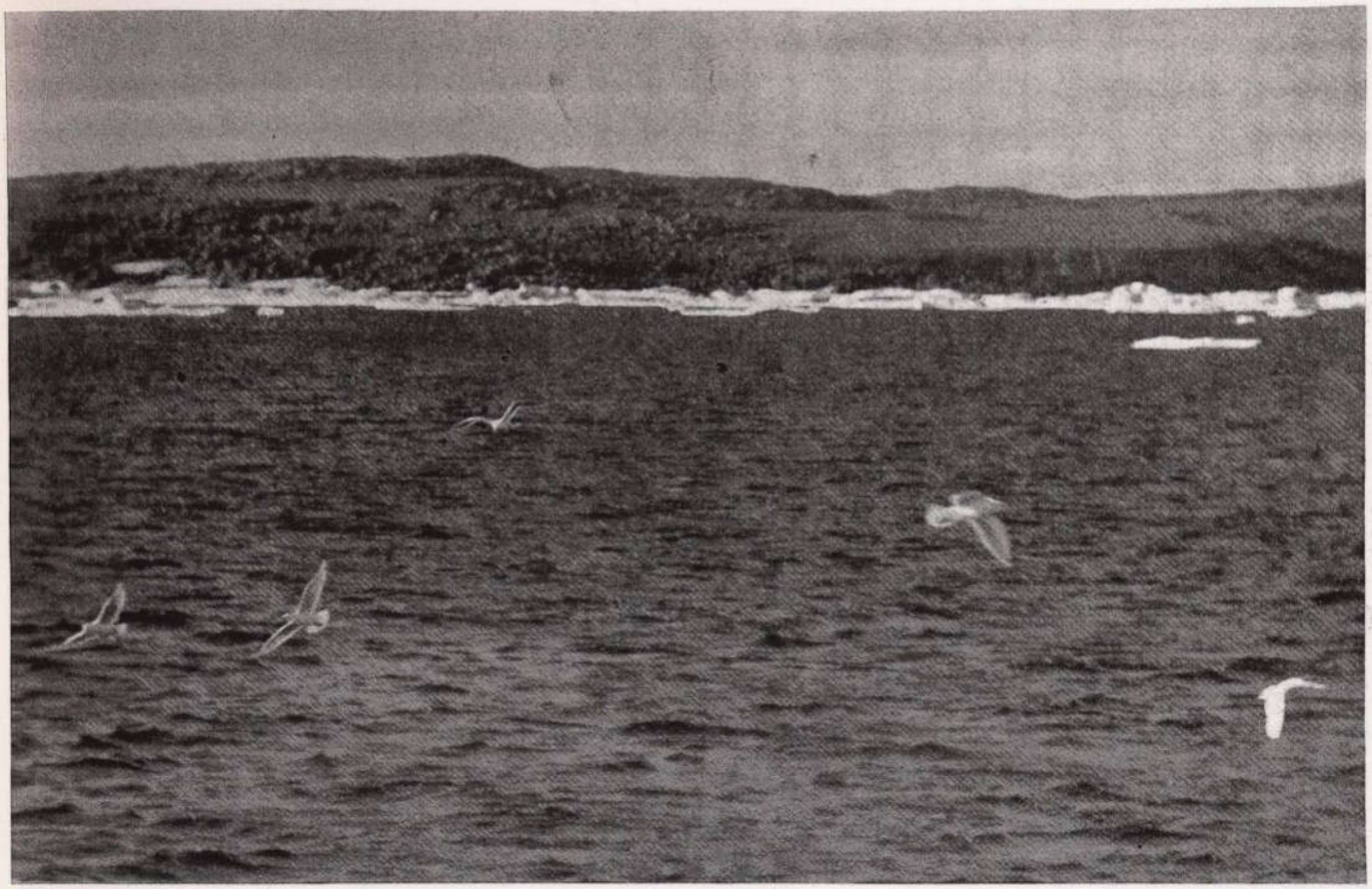
H B C'S SCHOONER "AKLAVIK"

Supply ship for Cambridge Bay and King William Island. Built at Fort Smith on the Mackenzie River, she has since navigated the trickiest portions of travelled Arctic Ocean routes. In 1937, captained by Post Manager E. J. (Scotty) Gall, she helped make the Passage.



A GULL IN DEPOT BAY

Lorene Squire



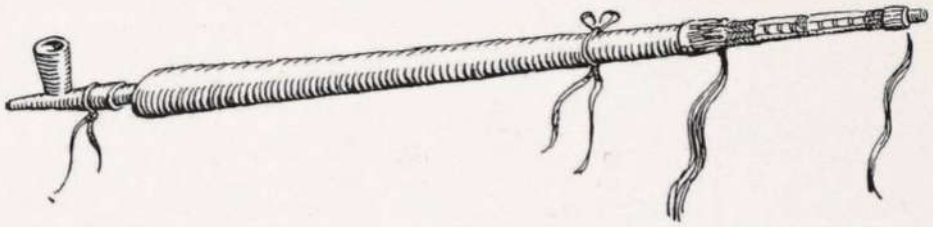
IVORY GULLS

A true picture though they look strangely unreal in the northern light.

SUMMER ENCAMPMENT OF ESKIMOS AT FORT ROSS

Lorene Squire

SHIP TIME IS OVER FOR ANOTHER YEAR



The peace pipe used at Treaty Number one at Lower Fort Garry, 1871. (From "Good Words Magazine," 1874, by Rev. George M. Grant.)

INDIAN TREATIES

Title is picture of Indian Beads

CLIFFORD WILSON

THE gray stone walls of Lower Fort Garry have looked down on many a colourful gathering in the last century or so. They have seen the assembling of the Red River cart, York boat, and dog-sled brigades; the drilling of various troops, including the men of Wolseley's Red River Expedition, and of the new North West Mounted Police; and the 250th Anniversary celebrations of the Hudson's Bay Company. But none more picturesque, nor more historically significant, than the meeting of a thousand Indians in the summer of 1871.

Called together at the behest of their "Great Mother," Queen Victoria, they had come to discuss the first of those seven treaties by which the Canadian west, from Lake Superior to the Rockies, passed forever from the possession of the red man into the hands of the white.

Two years before, the jurisdiction of the Hudson's Bay Company over Rupert's Land and the Indian Territories had come to a close, and now the new Dominion of Canada was preparing to rule this huge domain. There was a decided difference, however, in the two regimes. Under the Company—although King Charles had proclaimed the Adventurers of England "Lordes and Proprietors" of the whole Hudson Bay watershed—the Indians were still looked upon as owners of the soil. But now the Crown was proposing to take over all territorial rights, and to allot only a few small parcels of land as farms for the various bands.

Considering the hatred and bloodshed and misery that had attended similar efforts on the part of the United States, the Canadian Government might easily have been dismayed at the prospect of dealing with so many thousands of warlike savages. But thanks to the Hudson's Bay Company, they had little to fear. Far from agreeing with the settlers streaming into the western States that "the only good Indian is a dead one," the fur-trading companies had realised from the start that he was absolutely indispensable. Without the red man to trap and travel, the fur trade could not exist. Therefore it was in the Company's interest to win his friendship and his trust.

The result was that when, after two centuries of trading and ruling, it surrendered its jurisdiction over the west to the Canadian government, the Indian had already learned to trust the white man implicitly. As the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba put it, "the Indians of Canada have, owing to the manner in which they were dealt with for generations by the Hudson's Bay Company, an abiding confidence in the Government of the Queen." When it came to making treaties, then, there was no question of the white man's word being broken.

To the Indians of Manitoba, such treaties were not new. As far back as 1817, Lord Selkirk had bought proprietary rights to the soil along the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. For an annual rental of 100 lbs. of tobacco paid to the Ojibwas, and a like amount to the Crees, the Earl had acquired all the land along the Red River from Grand Forks to Lake Winnipeg, and along the Assiniboine from Muskrat (Rat) River to its mouth, extending back from the banks as far as daylight could be seen beneath a standing horse.

One of the signers of this treaty was the famous Peguis—or Pegwiss as it is written on the document. But some fifty years later, when the Stone Fort treaty came up for arbitration, some of the assembled Crees and Saulteaux protested that none of the signatories of the Selkirk treaty had been chiefs, nor had they any right to sign away their ancestral hunting grounds.

The first task confronting the treaty makers, then, was to elect true representatives from the various bands. After much pow-wowing—so dear to the heart of the red man—each band selected its own signatory, and before the conference tent outside the north bastion of the fort, bright blankets were spread for Red Eagle, Bird Forever, Flying Down Bird, Centre of Bird's Tail, Flying Round, Whip-poor-will, and Yellow Quill.

The Queen was represented by a single Commissioner, Wemyss Mackenzie Simpson. Present to guide his deliberations were Hon. A. G. Archibald, first Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and the North West Territories; Hon. James McKay, P.L.C. of Manitoba, a half-blood, ex-Hudson's Bay man; Major A. G. Irvine, later of the N.W.M.P., in command of a small detachment of troops from Upper Fort Garry; and several others.

The parley began on July 27 and continued for over a week. The Indians, never in a hurry, thoroughly enjoyed themselves. For had they not been invited by the representatives of the Great Mother, and wasn't it customary for everyone attending such a pow-wow to

be fed by their hosts, free of charge? So they took their time, and for eleven days they feasted generously on the Queen's food—with flour at £1 per cwt., cattle at £16 per head, and pork at $50 a barrel. "Every band had its spokesman in addition to its chief," wrote Commissioner Simpson, "And each seemed to vie with another in the dimensions of its requirements."

It soon became evident that the Indians' ideas of reserves and the Crown's ideas were hardly the same. The thousand Indians present—and they included men, women, and children—merely wanted about two-thirds of the new province of Manitoba, which comprised over 14,000 square miles, set aside for their perpetual use. But all Mr. Simpson had authority to offer them was one-quarter square mile for each family of five, or in like proportion. To bring down their demands to a reasonable basis naturally took a great deal of talking—and eating. But the white men had the upper hand, and both sides knew it.

"We told them that whether they wished it or not," wrote Governor Archibald, "immigrants would come in and fill up the country; that every year from this one, twice as many in number as their whole people there assembled would pour into the province, and in a little while would spread all over it, and that now was the time for them to come to an arrangement that would secure homes and annuities for themselves and their children."

So the Indians yielded, and on August 3rd, Treaty Number One was signed. In addition to the thirty-two acres of land, each Indian was to receive an annuity of three dollars (later increased to five), and an immediate gift of three; and as each family settled down on its allotted farm, it was to be presented with various farm implements and animals. In addition, each chief was to get a uniform, a buggy, a flag, and a medal.

Next day, payment began. But when the chiefs saw the medals, they complained that they were far too small and unimposing. So the Commissioner promised to see what could be done about it. The powers in Ottawa were all for economy. They recalled that, four years before, large medals had been struck to commemorate Confederation, and to one of these, they instructed a Montreal jeweller to add another ring of metal, suitably inscribed. From the resultant disc of nearly 3½ inches diameter, twenty electrotypes were made, and then silver plated. And the finished product was enough to tickle the fancy of the most blasé red man—until he happened to strike it with something hard.

No complaints were made, however, until months later, when Treaty Number Three was signed at Fort Frances, with the Ojibwas dwelling between Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods. Then one of the chiefs held up before a throng of four thousand one of the offending articles.

"I will now show you a medal," he cried, "that was given to those who made a treaty at Red River, by the Commissioner. He said it was silver but I do not think it is. I should be ashamed to carry it on my breast over my heart. I think it would disgrace the Queen, my mother, to wear her image on so base a metal as this." Here the chief held up the medal and struck it with the back of his knife. The result was anything but the true ring, and made every white man present ashamed of the petty meanness that had been practised. "Let the medals you give us be of silver," concluded the chief, "medals that shall be worthy of the high position our mother the Queen occupies."

And all the Governor could think of to say at the moment was: "I will tell them at Ottawa what you have said, and how you have said it." From then on, most treaty medals were made of solid silver.

Altogether, seven treaties were made, from 1871 to 1877, between the Indians and the Crown. All of them were modelled upon those made at Lower Fort Garry and Fort Frances, and all of them, except Number Seven, were signed at Company posts.

Number Two was transacted at Manitoba Post, near the narrows of Lake Manitoba, just after Number One, and Commissioner Simpson again signed for the Queen. "In a country where transport and all other business facilities are necessarily so scarce," he afterwards wrote to the Secretary of State, "the services rendered to the Government by the officers in charge of the several Hudson's Bay posts has been most opportune and valuable."

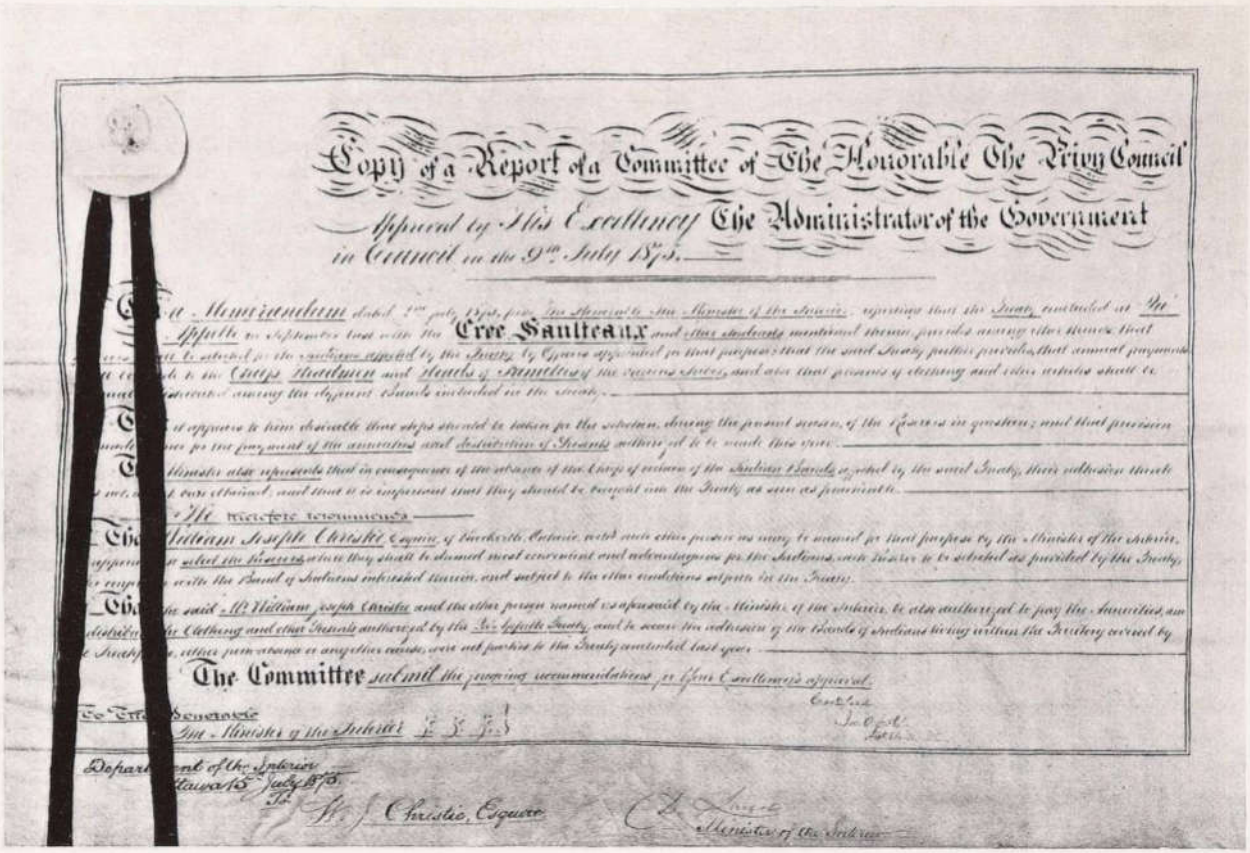
Number Four was signed at Fort Qu'Appelle, where W. J. (Big Bear) McLean was in charge; and at Fort Ellice, where Archibald McDonald was the Company officer. The three Commissioners in this case were Hon. Alexander Morris, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and the N.W.T.; Hon. David Laird, Minister of the Interior; and ex-Chief Factor William Christie, formerly in charge of the Saskatchewan district, but then retired and living in Brockville.

This was the most difficult of all the seven treaties, largely owing to the intractability of the Saulteaux or Ojibwas. First they demanded that the conference should be held in their own camp, not in the H B C reserve. Then, on being refused, they tried to prevent the Crees from going to the treaty tent, and for a time succeeded. Next, they cut down a Cree chief's teepee on top of him, with the result that the Crees armed themselves with knives. And finally, they went to the length of placing six of their "soldiers" in the treaty tent for intimidation purposes—a move which Governor Morris at once checkmated by calling in six of his own soldiers from Fort Garry.

For several days it was touch-and-go, with most of the arguing being done by the Saulteaux orator, Otakaonan, "The Gambler." His demands were hopelessly exorbitant, and had to do mostly with the Company, which he seemed to think was still the governing power in the country. He had learned from Mr. McDonald of Fort Ellice that Canada had given £300,000 to the Company, as well as much land, to recompense them for the rescinding of their rights. And he demanded that his people, not the H B C, should be given the money. Moreover, he wanted the Company to trade only at its own forts, and nowhere else. But even he admitted that the Indians would be lost without it. "Supposing you wanted to take them away," he said, "I would not let them go. We always trade with them, and would die if they were not here."

With infinite patience, the commissioners listened to their demands, pointing out time and again that the Company had nothing to do with the government, but simply had the same rights as any private trader. Gradually the Indians saw the light, and after six days of argument, the treaty was signed.

Next year, Mr. Christie went out to Qu'Appelle to pay the treaty money, but to his amazement he found nearly 500 lodges assembled there. Another $6,000 was demanded post-haste from Fort Garry, which was the seat of government; but still the bands kept coming in, and he was forced to demand another credit of $15,000.



Copy of a Report of a Committee of The Honorable The Privy Council
Approved by His Excellency The Administrator of the Government
in Council on the 9th July 1875.

... Cree Saulteaux ... Colvile ... Chiefs Headmen ... William Joseph Christie ... Esquire ... Minister of the Interior ... Department of the Interior Ottawa 15 July 1875 ... W. J. Christie, Esquire ... Minister of the Interior

A copy of an Order-in-Council appointing W. J. Christie, retired Chief Factor, to select reserves for Cree Salteaux Indians, and to pay treaty money and distribute presents to the Indians. This was carried out at the treaty signed at Fort Qu'Appelle in 1874.

Treaty Number Five went much more smoothly. It covered an area of about 100,000 square miles around the north end of Lake Winnipeg, and it was signed at four different Company posts—Berens River, Norway House, Grand Rapids, and The Pas. This time the Commissioners were the Lieutenant-Governor and Hon. James McKay, whose Indian connections and command of the Indian languages again proved of immense value.

The Company put its new propeller steamer *Colville* at their disposal, free of charge, and they embarked near the Lower Fort in September 1875. It was the first time a steamer had ever been to Berens River or Norway House. Roderick Ross piloted it up the Nelson River, whence he accompanied the commissioners to Grand Rapids and back to Red River. And again, in their reports, they expressed their indebtedness to H B C officers at the various posts.

The last of the treaties to be signed at Company forts was Number Six, in 1876, covering about 120,000 square miles of the Plains Cree country. Forts Carlton and Pitt were the meeting places. Once again the Crees were perfectly willing to sign, and once again the Saulteaux proved refractory. Some of them even proposed to prevent the commissioners from crossing the river, and when the Governor rebuked them for it, their spokesman flatly accused him of cheating the Ojibways out of their birthright. Governor Morris was able to point out, however, that the white men had just as much right in that part of the country as the Saulteaux, since it had originally belonged to the Cree.

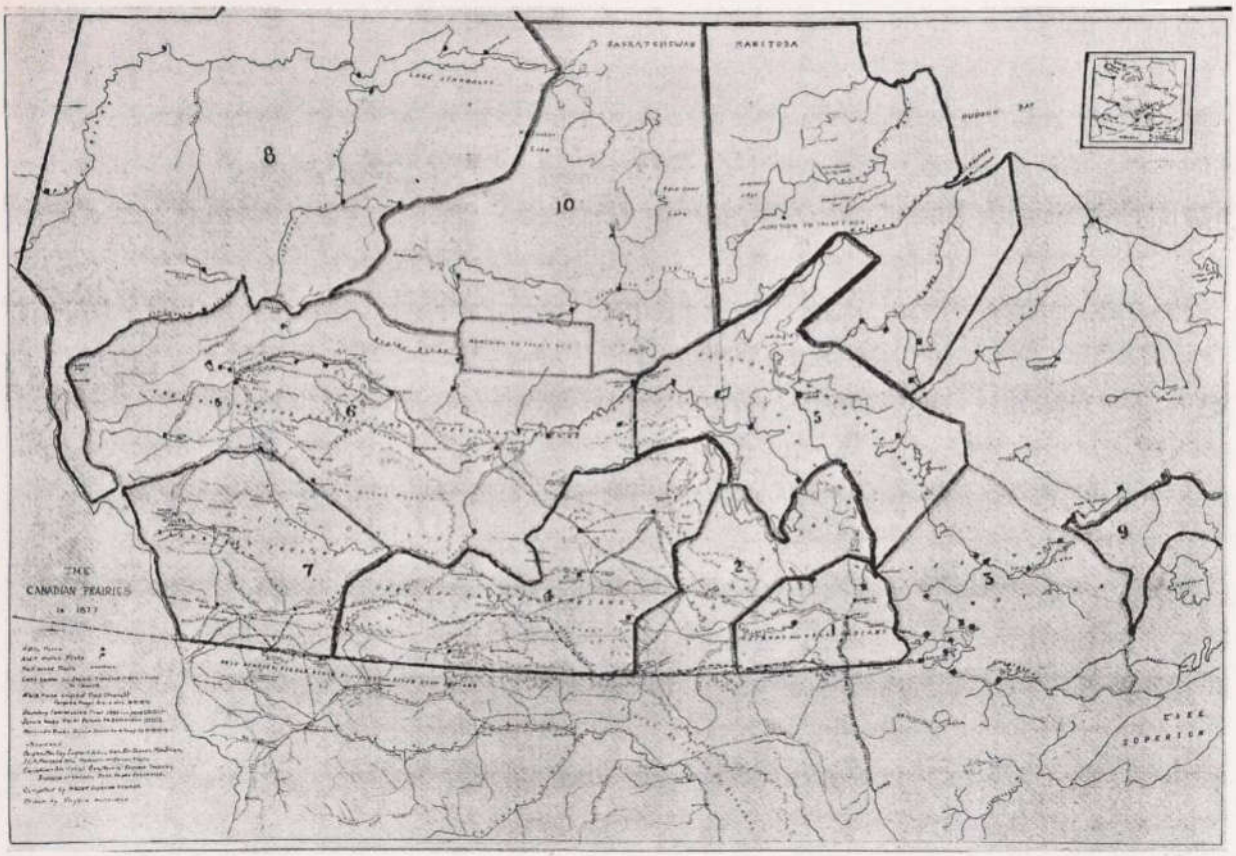
Big Bear, of Northwest Rebellion fame, was the ringleader of the malcontents. "We want none of the Queen's presents!" he retorted, when invited to the conference. "When we set a fox trap, we scatter pieces of meat all round; but when the fox gets into the trap, we knock him on the head. We want no bait!" And although he eventually appeared, he refused to sign. Possibly he had a premonition of his inglorious end, nine years later, for what he most objected to was the thought of being hanged if he committed a murder.

Poundmaker, another chief who won notoriety in '85, was also present; but although he was one of the principal orators, his Cree name, Oo-pee-too-kerah-han-ap-ee-wee-yin, does not appear on the list of signatories.

Altogether, 1,746 Indians were paid under that treaty by Mr. Christie, but there remained a large number who were away hunting buffalo, and who could not be paid until the following year.

With the final treaty of the series, signed in 1877, the Company men had little to do. By that time, the authority of the Crown had become more firmly established, thanks to the N.W.M.P., and Fort McLeod, their headquarters, was proposed as the meeting place. Later, however, this was changed to the Blackfoot Crossing on the Bow River. The two Commissioners were Colonel McLeod, head of the Police, and Hon. David Laird, new Lieutenant-Governor of the N.W.T.

The Indians to be dealt with were the great Blackfoot Confederacy, together with the Sarcees and a few



Map showing the treaty areas and the signing tribes. Number one was signed at Lower Fort Garry; two at Manitoba Post; three at Fort Frances; four at Fort Qu'Appelle; five at Berens River, Norway House, Grand Rapids, The Pas; six at Carlton House and Fort Pitt; seven at Blackfoot Crossing on the Bow River.

Stonies—nearly 4,400 in all. The Blackfeet had long been famed as the fiercest and most intractable warriors of the plains. Yet, on the whole, less trouble was experienced with the Indians at Treaty Number Seven than at any preceding it, and only three days were occupied in discussion.

Reasons for this may be found in the remarks of Chief Chapo-Mexico—better known as Crowfoot—who was looked upon by the Blackfeet as their "Great Father." "If the Police had not come to the country," he demanded, "where would we all be now? Bad men and whisky [from the States] were killing us so fast, that very few indeed of us would have been left to-day. The Police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the frosts of winter. I wish them all good, and trust that our hearts will increase in goodness from this time forward. I am satisfied. I will sign the treaty."

Mekasto, or Red Crow, head chief of the south Bloods, had also nothing but praise for the men in scarlet. "When the Police first came to the country," he said, "I met and shook hands with Stamixotokon [Col. McLeod] at Pelly River. Since that time he has made me many promises. He kept them all—not one of them was ever broken. Everything that the Police have done has been good. I entirely trust Stamixotokon, and will leave everything to him. I will sign with Crowfoot."

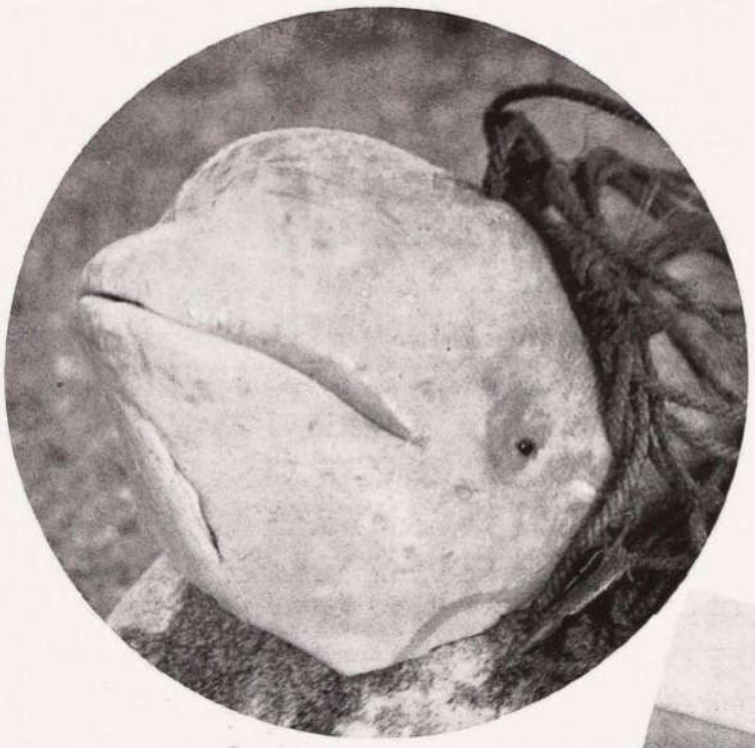
Considering that their brother Blackfeet just below the border were at that time at open war with white troops, the peaceful conclusion of the treaty was a triumph for arbitration as opposed to force.

So ended the series of treaties by which, in six short years, all the Indians of southern Canada from the Lakes to the Rockies yielded up their rights to the soil. The region covered was of course only a small part of the Indian territories, but it included all those lands then being thrown open to settlement. The rest of the North was ceded in four subsequent treaties—the Athabasca country in 1899; that around James Bay in 1905-6; part of northern Saskatchewan in 1906-7; and finally the Mackenzie River district as late as 1921. This last, dealing with the Slaves, Dogribs, Loucheux, Hares and other Indians of the far north, was signed at ten Company forts—Providence, Simpson, Wrigley, Norman, Good Hope, Arctic Red River, McPherson, Liard, and Rae.

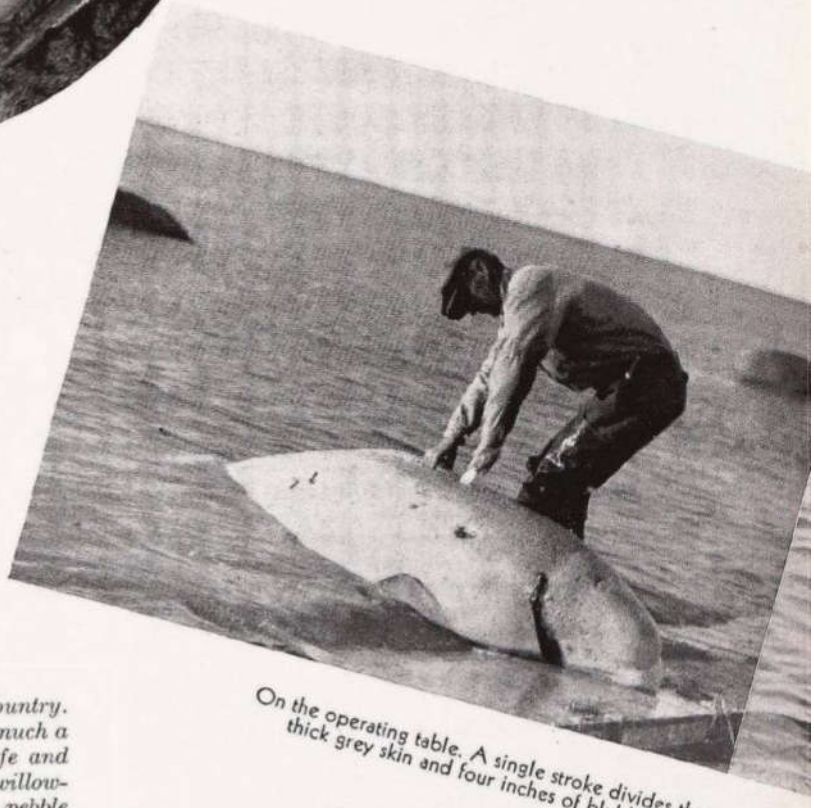
By these eleven treaties, most of what is now Canada was transferred by its original owners to the Dominion Government. It was undoubtedly the most amazing example of peaceful penetration on record. Yet historians have given it barely a nod of recognition, so true is it that "happiness has no history."

Today its echoes are still heard, when every year the Indians assemble at various Hudson's Bay posts to "take treaty." Then the big medals are brought out and shined up, and although the old costumes are never seen, there are Indian dances and songs by the light of many campfires. Old tales are revived, old comrades of the hunt swap stories deep into the night, and the old men dream of those far-off days when they were Lords of the Wild, roaming wherever they chose, and free from all the complex restrictions of civilization.

Whale Meat



The head is discarded—



On the operating table. A single stroke divides the thick grey skin and four inches of blubber.

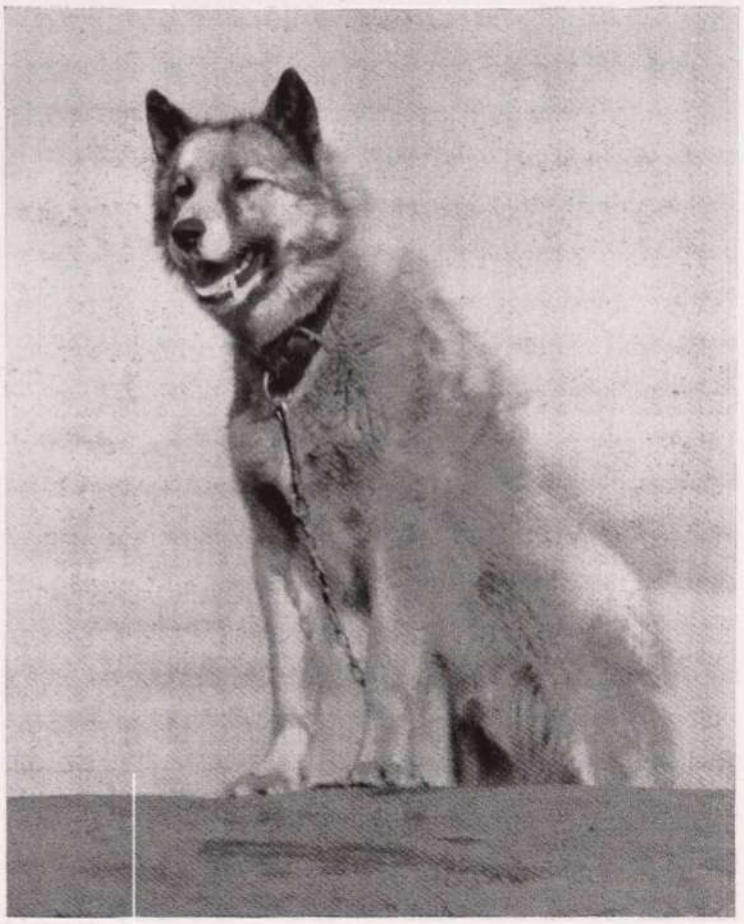
W. W. COLEMAN

"Dogs are almost human in the North Country. They are too much a part of going anywhere, too much a part of hunting anything, too much a part of life and living to be classed with lemmings, pebbles and willow-twigs. You can say 'a lemming which' and 'a pebble which' and 'a willow-twig which'; but you can't say 'a dog which.' Not when the dogs love you as they do, and when you love the dogs as you do. Not love in any well-known sense of the word, of course. Not the love you have for a fox terrier or an Airedale. You love dogs in the North Country somewhat as you love life, in an impersonal way; and it is thus that the dogs love you. You and the dogs depend on one another. It is this symbiosis that makes existence possible. Huskies are the meanest brutes ever, upon occasion. You hate them at times; but you love them more. You beat them frightfully, but you do not kill them. Any more than you kill yourself. For killing your dogs is killing yourself in the Arctic."—"Eskimo Year," by George M. Sutton.

IN Churchill, Canada's sub-Arctic grain port on Hudson Bay, one sound triumphs above all others. That is the voice of huskies. No matter where the commotion has its origin, each pack delights in taking up its neighbours' quarrels and adding its noisy contribution to the general tumult.

Churchill is one of the most favoured coming-out points for that small band of intrepid adventurers, the trappers of the Barren Lands. Here, at the season's end, they arrive with their catch, their only reward for having pitted brains and brawn against the cunning of

for Huskies



One of the husky band grins in anticipation of whale cubes.

Transverse cuts remove skin and blubber in long strips to be cubed for the dogs.

Reducing what is left to a cubic state.

Indian dogs grab off a mouthful.

nature and the fierceness of the elements. Here they sell their furs. Few of these trappers travel to larger centres, and most of them are content with the company and convenience offered by the town. These owners of the husky bands are marked by certain distinguishing characteristics to be sensed rather than observed. Probably their most forceful quality is self-sufficiency and complete independence of the multiplicity of conveniences of modern existence. One feels that these men will accomplish what they set out to do, but that the setting out will be the result of shrewd, competent judgment rather than some hasty decision made at random. They are quiet to the point of taciturnity, yet courteous, and one feels a little outside the pale in their presence—like unproven goods. My friends Angus, Ole, Red and Windy were gentlemen first, trappers afterwards. All gave the same solicitude to their dogs.

Only those who know the service and companionship of these northland dogs can appreciate what they mean to their masters. Apart from sentiment, their dollar value is fairly high. The young weaned pup may be bought in the spring for five dollars, but the following winter he will cost twenty. The best teams are valued at fifty dollars and more a head, consequently their welfare has prime importance. Food, of course, is the first essential.

In winter in camp or following the trap line, it is not hard to guess the chief source of dog food. Here in Churchill the common fur bearer is the wee lemming, and fish becomes staple summer fare. The fish nets are set up on the dry shore because there is a twelve to fourteen-foot tide in this region.

A still bigger food supply for huskies is whale meat. One day Ole had captured a whale. In the evening when the tide was high they towed it in. I waited with camera in hand until the victors arrived. A length of half-inch rope was pulled tautly from the shore to the rolling gray-white mass of whale afloat in the river. Ole and his companions set up beside it a ten-foot square wooden platform which was to serve as an operating table. The whale was hauled up on the platform, and cutting began. A surprising amount of blood coloured the water; the 303 shell must have raised havoc with the whale's circulatory system. Closer examination showed the blow-hole and the small pig-like eyes. The skin of the whale feels like smooth, wet, spongy rubber. The whole animal looks as if it had just been moulded from wet, white clay.

Properly speaking, this one was not a whale at all, but a porpoise, weighted scientifically with the name *delphinapterus leucas*. But to the natives and trappers they are whales, and whales they will remain. Later, from the rocky ridge above the Bay, I was to see many whales frolicking about in the deeper water off shore. These whales taken for dog food are first harpooned before being shot, and after they have finished threshing the water they are towed home. (Note—If the whale is shot first, the animal sinks and is lost. The harpoon stays in the whale; on one of the two harpoon lines is a blubber bag which keeps the animal afloat.)

The way the trappers dissect this twelve-foot, thousand-pound monster is a story in itself. First they removed the harpoon head, a mere four-inch piece of metal, and put it aside to be re-shafted for the next hunt. The first cut extended on the dorsal surface from the base of the skull to the tail. The carcass was then rolled over and the same cut repeated on the ventral surface. Each stroke of the razor-edge knife slices through the deepening gray skin and through the four inches of blubber that makes life bearable in icy waters. Like the skin, the blubber has a rubbery look and texture, although it is pale cream in colour. A series of cross cuts now removes the hide in strips roughly six inches wide and about a yard long, with the blubber attached. These are again cut into six-inch cubes.

Skin and blubber removed, the carcass lost much of its identity. The head was discarded, being practically all bone. The remainder of the whale was soon reduced to the cubic state, and two huge empty gas drums filled to the brim with meat. These were hung high to be out of reach of wandering Indian dogs. These Indian strays, in sharp contrast to the huskies, are an emaciated, vermin infested pack, and had to be sharply driven off from the whale feast.

The trapper friends informed me that whale meat was alright for humans when other food was scarce, and that Eskimos and the hardier trappers ate it raw. I tried a chunk with some misgiving, and decided it would be no ordeal if one were really hungry. I took some home, where it was prepared in the accepted manner—soaked overnight in salt water, then parboiled, and finally fried with onions in butter. It was good eating, though inclined to be tough with a scattering of some fine gritty particles like sand. The taste is like an intimate mixture of beef and liver.

The evening of the slaughter had been filled with the barks and howls of huskies tied tantalizingly close to the scene of the operation. Four hours later, the only sound was the vibrant call of the Wilson snipe. The huskies had eaten.

Caribou Hunt

Told to Mary Weekes

by W. Cornwallis King

Caribou Horns

The Company's oldest surviving pensioner from Deed Poll days is Chief Trader King, now 94 years old, whose stories of the old life in the fur trade were recorded by Mary Weekes. Because Mr. King was a keen observer and remembered accurately what he saw, these reminiscences have historical value.

The story told here, and its sequel which The Beaver will publish, actually makes a direct link with Sir John Franklin. Chief Ataitcho, who was also called Chief Confidante, guided Franklin to the Polar sea, and talked about that time with Mr. King.

IT was June, 1867. Fort Rae was quiet. There was little business at the inland posts of the Company during the summer, for the Indians would not be back from their outer hunting grounds until the middle or last of August. A clerk could handle the trade, and usually did. This year I was not required to accompany the summer brigades. Time lay heavy on my hands—but not for long. The fort hunters brought word that soon the caribou would be returning from the sea-coast, and Chief Confidante (Ataitcho) of the Yellowknives and his band were moving into the Barren Lands. It would soon be time for the great annual caribou hunt, they said, and they ought to be off.

I was in a quandary. Wise and capable officers had preceded me at Fort Rae. As first officer of a great hunting region I should know at first-hand the territory tributary to my post, and the hunting methods of the Indians. Both the post and Indian hunters were shrewd and experienced, yet it was my duty to encourage them to bring in more and more game. Here, deep in the interior of the country, I *was* the Company.

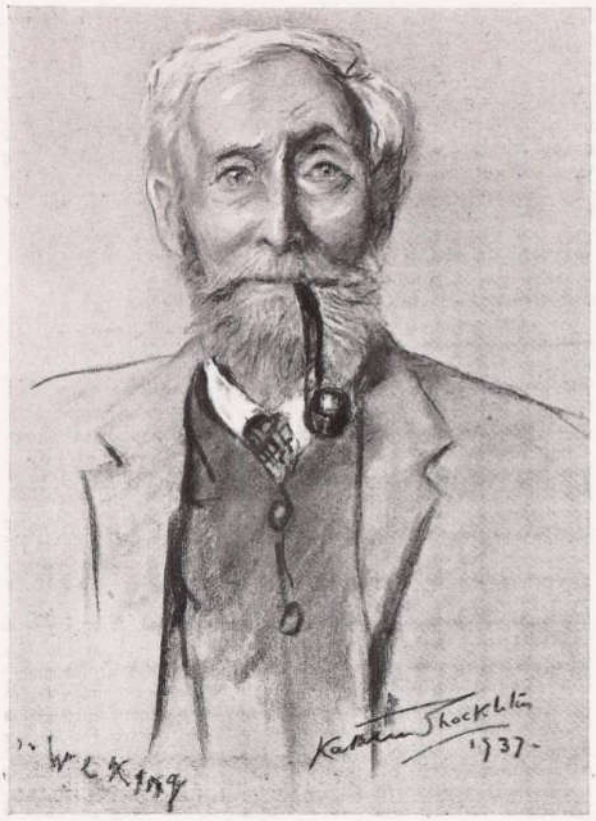
"Pack an outfit," I told the men. "I will go with you to join Ataitcho and his party. Set out two canoes, men's size; I will go as passenger in one with two Indians; two Indians will man the other."

The men soon had the outfit ready. In each canoe was packed one hundred pounds of trading-goods: powder, shot, tobacco, cotton, flannel. My own outfit consisted of a double barrel gun, a revolver (five-shot), ammunition (two pounds), five bags fine steel, flint and punk, wax matches in a bottle, compass and burning glass (small), medicine-box, Bible, pencil, paper, a six-ounce canvas sheet to cover my bedding, act as tent, sail or awning, fry-pan, two tin cups, two tin plates, fork, spoon, some pieces of birch-bark for repairing canoe, a lot of gum, a dozen fish-hooks, a short net, blanket and rain-coats, mitts, moccasins, cap and mosquito veil, hunting-bag, tracking line and portaging strap. Each man had his own personal baggage—about ten pounds.

We set out the middle of June. Encouraged by a nice leading wind, we strapped our canoes together and sailed (using our six-ounce duck sheets for sails) the twenty miles from Fort Rae to Great Slave Lake, camping that night at Big Point, the entrance to the lake. On the second day, the wind was stronger, so each canoe travelled singly. On all sides were rocky islands alive with nesting birds: ducks, gulls, loons—a great variety. We visited some of these islands long enough to collect a supply of eggs, some fresh, others not. I ate the fresh eggs; the stale ones were greatly enjoyed by my Indians. For fresh meat, we picked off a fine moose that crossed our path swimming between two islands. When we camped that night on a well-wooded island, the men prepared and packed enough moose meat for our immediate needs.

On the third day the wind was rough. But by keeping close to the mainland, we were able to make good time. That night we made camp at the headwaters of the Yellowknife River, approximately southwest of Fort Rae. On all sides of us were rocks. All day we had had to fight a swift current and in many places, rather than risk taking our canoes over the rocks and rapids, we had made short portages. In high water the Yellowknife is a fair sized river with lots of rapids and cascades and a strong current. The country it traverses is rocky with little or no timber. It was an excellent mixed-fur country, and the only real musk-ox country in the Mackenzie River area.

For two more days we fought rapids, strained over portages, endured cascades. We had sufficient provisions—game, eggs, fish—so we paid no attention to hunting. Poling, wading, tracking, stumbling, it was rough travelling. The portages were short; not more than five miles at the longest. The men carried their canoes and loads across on one trip; the weight for each man was 200 pounds. A hunter tied his paddles



Chief Trader W. Cornwallis King

lengthwise to the bars of his canoe, poked his rat-spear and a nice pole, eight feet long and as thick as a man's wrist and smoothly knifed, in with them. He packed his dunnage on his back, his gun in his belt (the long guns were inconvenient to carry since they dragged), threw his canoe cross-wise on his shoulders and suspended it from his forehead by a carrying strap, keeping it steady with his hand.

A man can carry a canoe and make better time than a man walking without a load. He walks with a lambray step, half gliding. Not difficult at all, for once he gets started the weight of his load sends him gliding along. An able-bodied man can easily portage five miles without "spelling." Generally, the men took a chew of tobacco and lambrayed along.

So, by a sequence of portages from land to rivers to lakes, we advanced, always on the lookout for Chief Confidante's party. On the evening of the fifth day we came to a camp of Yellowknives; twelve able-bodied men, their wives, children, old people and a pack of dogs. They received us warmly. We were the Company, and had trading-goods.

We spent two days with these people, who were striking north-eastward to join Chief Confidante. We joined the party. The able hunters and the responsible young men formed into scouting parties and went out in different directions in search of their chief and his principal hunting party. Now we were right in the so-called Barrens. This was a misnomer. Here were flowers and mosses of every variety, wild fruit, birds of all kinds. I saw ducks, cranes, migratory geese—half a dozen kinds—chicken, ptarmigan, owls, pelicans. We found here a peculiar little animal, native to the region, called a whistler or coney. The hills were riddled with them, and they were easily caught. They would save a man from starvation, but I didn't care for the flavour which was not as palatable as muskrat. There is no country in the world richer in food in summer than the Barren Lands; no place in winter poorer. The flies were fearful, but mosquitoes took the prize. For several days we followed the tracks of musk-ox.

I saw living musk-ox for the first time on this trip. It was at the headwaters of the Yellowknife. We had come upon a dozen females with their calves (born in May) and two bulls; a bull in charge of each six cows. There is nothing prettier than a young musk-ox. It is a cross between a sheep, or a goat, and a buffalo. Always, when the calves are small, the females graze about amongst the rocks, keeping close to the valleys and avoiding open ground. The bulls stay on the high ground and maintain a sharp lookout for danger. I learned from my guides that musk-oxen paw round holes in the ground, through the snow, and deposit their young in them. Snow and ice form a crust or shell over the calf. This protects it until it becomes strong enough to walk. To feed her calf, the mother stands over this shell, and the baby pokes its head to nurse through the hole or funnel formed by its warm breath.

The shooting of musk-oxen when the female had young was a cruel practice to be discouraged. A mother will never leave her calf, and bulls will defend their families to the finish. These animals are handicapped by having short legs which prevents them from being able to run fast. On this trip, my hunters took only 20 musk-ox. Good Indian hunters never killed a whole herd, but left enough for breeding purposes. They showed excellent judgment in this respect, better than white men. They felt proud that the country and the animals in it belonged to them. Also, they knew that to clear the country of animals was to face hunger.

After several days' scouting, one of the Yellowknives found the track of the old Chief's band. He returned speedily with the news. I sent a runner forward to tell Confidante of our approach. The rest of our party followed. Timber wolves were bad. In the Barren Lands, they travelled in bands; in the timber country, singly. Here on the border of the Arctic circle, there were three varieties; white on the edge of the ice, on the Barren Lands proper they were a smaller animal. In the Strong Woods country, they were called Strong Wood Wolves. They were darker in color.

After some days, we met my runner returning with a message from the Chief who had received him with dignity. He had been commanded to say that an officer of the Great Company would be well received.

At this time we fell in with a party of Dog-Ribs, subject to Confidante. They were on their way to join the Chief on his caribou hunt. Our average speed, travelling as we were, was twenty miles a day. Our general direction was east, but we were going from Fort Rae and the Coppermine River almost due east. By the time we reached the hunting ground of the Yellowknives, fifteen days later, we had come 250 miles from Fort Rae.

Confidante greeted me with deference and the right amount of cordiality. He had a tent pitched for my comfort. He commanded his people to attend me. We met as equals. It was seldom that Chief Ataitcho was called anything but Chief Confidante. This was the name given him by Franklin, whom he had accom-

panied in search of the Arctic Sea, as guide. Confidante was so named because Franklin had had confidence in the Chief's ability and integrity.

The old Chief was now nearing ninety. He had with him five of his thirty wives; the oldest eighty years, the youngest thirty. Both he and his old wife were travelling in state, as passengers. No English king ever received greater homage from his people. Special carriers attended him and his old wife and their baggage. Haste must be made to That-Mar, the crossing place of the caribou, he said. It was close to the date of their arrival.

Our dogs hauled our goods—we had packs of furs and meat now—over the dry portages. Sometimes on the trail these huskies fought. These fights, though often serious, were comical too—the dogs with packs strapped to their backs dashing back and forth and getting tangled. We had hardships on that trip, but these were outweighed by the thrill of adventure. I was young and strong, and I was seeing a wild new country.

That-Mar (the crossing-place) at last! Here the old Chief chose a suitable spot for himself and his family and their attendants. Then he divided the party, partnering the young hunters with the able-bodied, and sending them to key points of observation to watch for the arrival of the herds.

From the old Chief I learned the habits of caribou. At the end of August the males had gone to the edge of timber to meet the females who were returning from the sea-coast to winter in the Horn Mountains—about eighty miles across Great Slave Lake from That-Mar. After forming into one big herd, they travelled together for about a month. This was the breeding season. The males had full horns. Never were they later at That-Mar, the narrows at Great Slave Lake, than the first of November. It was as if they had a calendar, they were so regular. The males had stayed in the Strong Woods while the females had gone to the sea-coast to have their young—away from flies and wolves. Nature protected the females. In summer the scent of their hooves disappeared, while that of the males remained to draw the attention of wolves.

At last the leader of the herd was sighted. He approached the edge of the water cautiously, then plunged swiftly in. As if this were a signal, the great plunging herd came like an avalanche after him. When they were well in the lake, the hunters divided. One half of the party shot their canoes out and alongside the animals and attacked; the other followed close behind to cut the caribou off from land. Caught between two attacking groups, the animals became confused and milled round and round. Right into them the hunters drove their canoes—even right up on the backs of the terrified animals. It was an astonishing spectacle. Canoes balanced on the backs of caribou, and in them hunters on their knees spearing right and left. And what spears! They were from six to nine feet long, with barbed heads. It required great skill to drive a spear directly into the kidney of an animal and withdraw it before it flinched and upset the canoe. An animal stabbed in the kidney gave a few kicks and died at once.

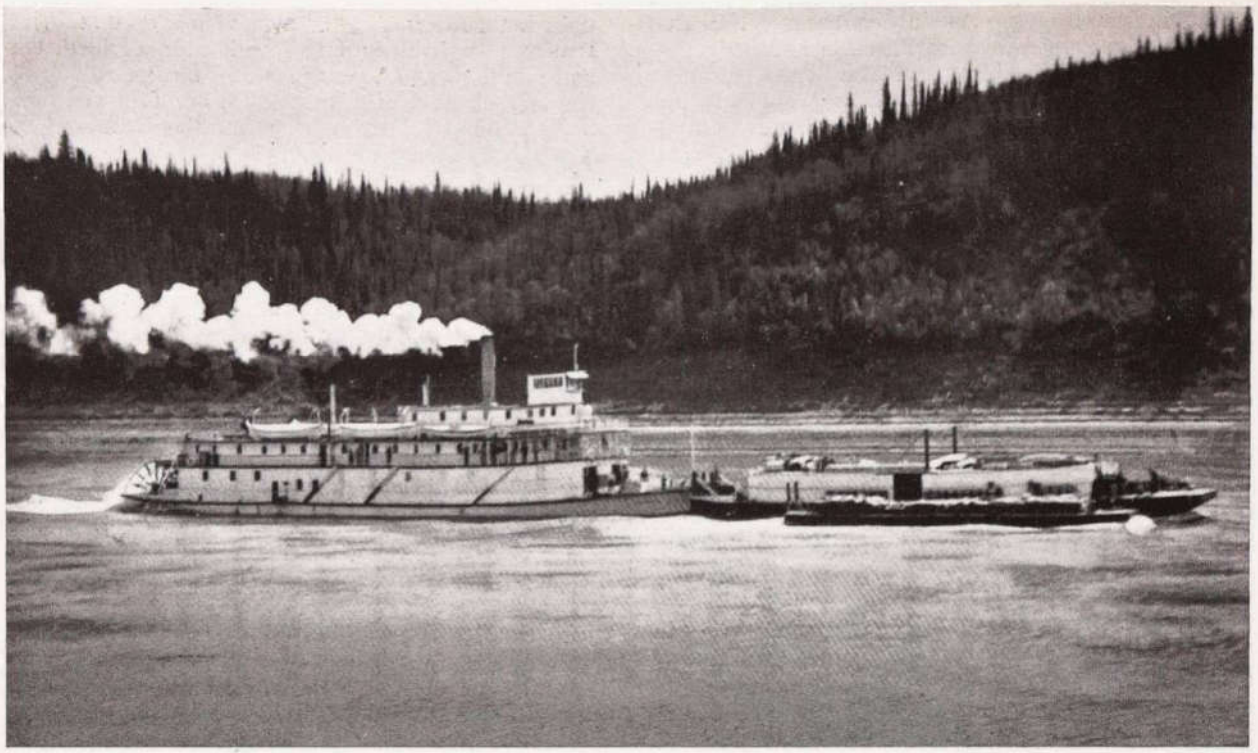
It was a terrible slaughter. The hunters killed thousands of caribou. Each year it had been the same. Skeletons of caribou lined the shores of That-Mar Crossing like drift-wood fences. Not all the meat killed this day was saved. From some of the animals, only the tongues were taken. Following the hunt, there was a great dressing of skins. Skins of the female animals were used for making clothes. Leather and babiche was made from the male skins. The fawn skins were reserved for making children's clothing and under-

clothing. These people wore underclothing with the fur-side next the skin.

I could not help advising the Yellowknives to preserve as much meat as possible from the hunt by drying it, putting the bones aside for soup, and preserving every bit of fat. Hearing this, Chief Confidante said, "For long I have been telling my people that. White men, and Franklin, told me that all the meat should be saved."

The Company hunters alone killed about four hundred caribou. We preserved all the meat. Another hunting party sent out from the post killed more animals than we, but they did not preserve as much meat.

Before leaving That-Mar, I traded the remaining stock of goods with Chief Confidante's eldest son. In return, he agreed to bring furs to the Fort when convenient. And so I bade goodbye to the old Chief. He was sear as a yellow leaf. I left him to the warmth of his blankets.



S. S. "Distributor" pushing a barge on the Mackenzie River — Lorene Squire

Mackenzie River Transport

H. N. PETTY

TRANSPORTATION on the Mackenzie River system has come a long way since the days of the Athabaska brigade. As late as thirty years ago, supplies for the Peace River country and the Mackenzie basin were hauled by team from Edmonton to Athabaska Landing. Because of sparse settlement, the tonnage was a mere trifle compared with shipments in and out of the same territory today. Development came with the building of the Northern Alberta Railways to Peace River country and to Waterways.

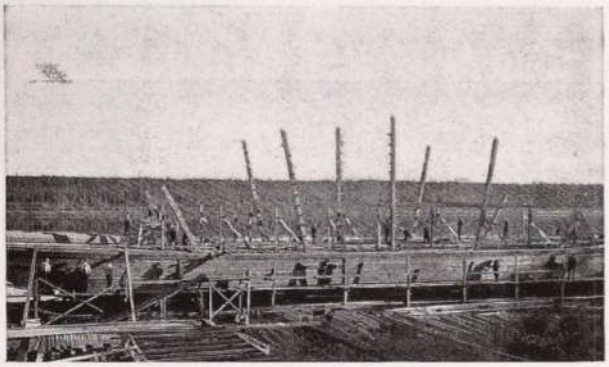
In 1921, at the time of drilling for oil at Fort Norman, Northwest Territories, the Hudson's Bay Company transport department handled a record of 1,300 tons and thought it quite a big job. Next year tonnage had returned to a normal of 700 tons. By 1929 it had grown to 5,000 tons, but dropped again until mining developments gave it fresh impetus. In the 1938 season 12,965 tons of freight were carried north and 444 tons southbound. The total distance covered was 71,000 miles.

The area served by Mackenzie River Transport covers northern Alberta, the most northwest part of the Northwest Territories, touches the eastern border of British Columbia, and reaches to Goldfields and other points on Lake Athabaska in northern Saskatchewan. The Company operates boats on the Peace, Athabaska, Rocher, Slave, Mackenzie, Liard and Nelson rivers, and on Athabaska and Great Slave lakes, as well as along the Arctic Coast. The distance from Waterways to Aklavik at the Mackenzie River delta is 1,661 miles, and to Tuktuk at the mouth of the river, 1,821 miles. At Tuktuk freight is transferred to vessels operating in the Arctic Ocean.

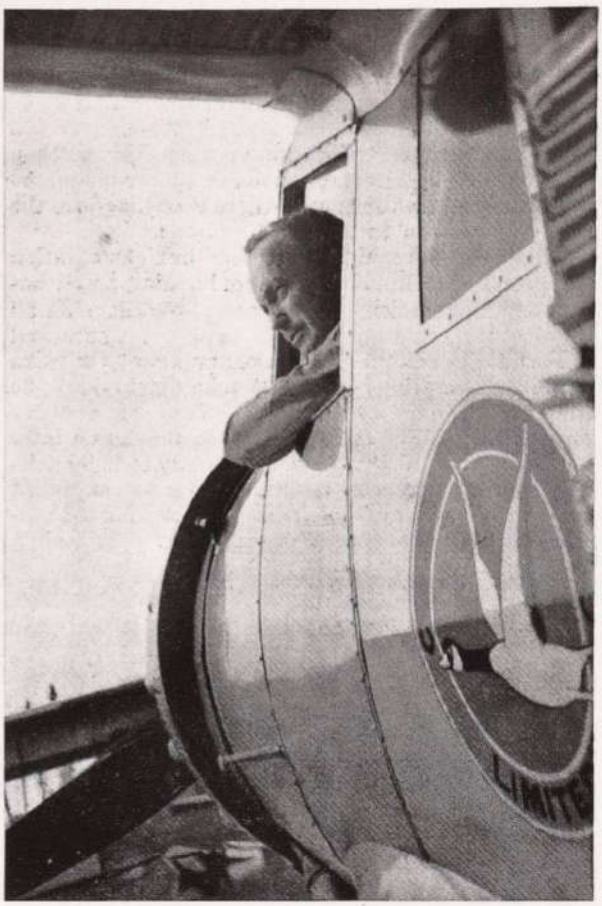
The Mackenzie River passenger fleet consists of the steamships *Athabasca River*, *Northland Echo*, *Distributor*, and *McKenzie River*, with a total passenger capacity of 210 and freight capacity of 300 tons; motor ships *Hearne Lake*, *Dease Lake*, *Beaver Lake*, *Pelly Lake*, and *Buffalo Lake*, which can take a total of 60 passengers; motor boats *Weenusk*, *Liard River*, *Canadusa*, *Cross Fox*, and *Hubaco*, the first three of which have room for 28 passengers. Yarding boats are operated on the upper and lower river. There are thirty barges, with carrying capacity of from forty to five hundred tons. Eighteen barges operate above Fort Smith, and twelve below. One barge in each section of the route is equipped with modern refrigeration for transporting fresh food supplies.

Unhappily for transportation, there is a break in this extensive inland water system 300 miles north of Waterways where the rapids of the Slave River interrupt navigation. All supplies for the Northwest Territories

Gravel Point shipyard where the lower river ships winter below Fort Smith.



"Barge 500" under construction at Gravel Point.



Composite of a northern pilot, Con Farrell of Canadian Airways.

A little piece of mining equipment carried to Goldfields.

S. S. "Mackenzie River" taking on wood for the stoker.

have to be portaged sixteen miles between Forts Fitzgerald and Smith. For twenty years Ryan Brothers have done the portage freighting. The equipment on this stretch of the system includes tractors, trailers, trucks, buses and passenger cars. In 1938 alone, 8,000 tons of northbound freight were portaged in less than six months. A comfortable hotel is operated at Fort Smith for the convenience of those travelling into the north by water or by air.

Although 1938 saw the peak load in transportation system north of Edmonton, many handicaps were encountered, due chiefly to low water conditions on all rivers and lakes. As much freight as possible was moved to Fort Smith before ice conditions on Lake Athabaska permitted operating boats to the mines just east of the Alberta boundary on that lake. However, the dry season and lack of snow during the previous winter made itself felt, and it became necessary to build suitable barges for relaying freight to what was supposed to be deep water but which actually only floated vessels with a draft of three feet six inches.

reputation for "delivering the goods." Occasionally it was even necessary for the crew of a yarding boat to jump overboard into the river or lake in order to release a stranded boat or barge.

In addition to the difficulties on the upper river, the S.S. *Distributor* was unfortunate in losing *Barge 300* below Fort Simpson on her first trip north, by striking an uncharted rock. This barge was replaced for her third and final trip by one of 500 tons capacity. The construction of the latter barge made a record in the north country, as it was completed for service at Gravel Point shipyard, north of Fort Smith, within six weeks of the sinking of *Barge 300*, in spite of the fact that the lumber had to be shipped 1400 miles from Vancouver, B.C., after the plans and specifications had been drawn up.

The accident to *Barge 300* occurred while some of the passengers were still in their rooms and were unaware of the incident. In fact one of the passengers stated that he woke up and looked out the window of his cabin and saw a horse, a pig and sheep racing each

Fort Smith dock.

Loading perishables on the refrigerator barge at Waterways.

Waterways, at the end of steel on the Northern Alberta Railways, came into being in 1926. It is from this point that water transportation begins, but in low water it is impossible to reach the end of steel in the larger boats, or to get out with any appreciable tonage without resorting to yarding to a point eight miles below Fort McMurray, commonly known as Lehman's Landing. If the present plans of the Dominion Government are carried out the channel between these points will be deepened. In 1938 a large tonnage was moved before low water, but this might be considered small in proportion to the total tonnage which was eventually moved. The movement of freight between Waterways and Lehman's Landing is locally known as "yarding." To accomplish this we had at times as many as three power boats and seven barges in operation, four of the latter built for the purpose during the summer.

Towards the latter part of the season a serious situation was created by the lowering of the water level in Lake Athabaska. This necessitated an even more extensive programme of "yarding" at the mouth of the Athabaska river than had been necessary previously at Waterways. Barges destined for points beyond the mouth of the river had to be completely unloaded and the freight lightered across the low water section. All hands worked strenuously to maintain the Company's

other for the bank, and he was of the impression that they had accidentally encountered the aquatic exercise of a zoology department hitherto unknown in the north. On a futile search being made for the missing pig, it was learned later that this had been corralled by a band of Indians.

Although *Barge 500* was in commission for the final trip of the *Distributor* this season, it was found after several trials that, due to the extremely low stage of water in the Mackenzie river, the *Distributor* was unable to bring her up through the Ramparts rapids and was forced to turn back and tie her up in a safe anchorage in the Rabbitskin River above Fort Good Hope. This barge is a veritable Noah's Ark—in fact a floating warehouse.

As a result of the extensive increase in the fleet for 1938 to cope with the tonnage of the mining and other prospecting companies, it was necessary that accommodation of the winter quarters be considerably augmented at both the shipyards at Tar Island, below Fort McMurray, and Gravel Point, below Fort Smith. This improvement was completed before the close of navigation. The large increase in tonnage also necessitated increase in handling facilities at both Waterways and Fort Smith, where modern derricks, machinery and conveyors were installed.

BOOK REVIEWS

"Canadian Mosaic," by John Murray Gibbon. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto.

A book of such stupendous labour and sincerity as John Murray Gibbon's "Canadian Mosaic" is just the sort of thing to start tongues wagging when any Canadian group gets together. There is nothing more interesting to any one than himself, so there is a bit for each person in "Canadian Mosaic." If you're Scottish, you'll puff out your chest when you read of what the Highlanders have done; if you're Irish, French, Dutch, German, Swedish, or of any of the races registered in Canadian census, 1931, you'll get a warm feeling when you read about your ancestors—their early European history, their migration, settlement, culture and contributions to Canadian development.

If you're connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, you'll thrill again to the tales of the tremendous part played by your Company in opening up a vast new continent, of the courage of Kelsey and Henday and of sixty inland voyages made by Englishmen in the service of the Company before 1774.

The Czecho-Slovak Canadian will find a new link with the Company, for the father of Prince Rupert, the first Governor of the H B C, was Frederick, Elector Palatinate, King of Bohemia (now part of what's left of Czecho-Slovakia). This connection is emphasized by a full page (facing page 320) of photographs showing Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia and daughter of James I of England, with her bravest son, that gallant Prince Rupert, and beneath, a Czecho-Slovak Canadian smiling in the sparkling Manitoba sun. There is a suggestion, too, that the very thought behind Canadian development comes from the Czech national proverb: "Not by might, but by spirit shall ye conquer."

Items—almost gossip-like—of past and present lighten what might easily tend to be a ponderous volume were it not for this skilful treatment. Relating history to the present day, Mr. Gibbon includes biographical notes on outstanding descendants of each racial group. It's interesting to know that Sir Edward Beatty of the C.P.R. came to Canada from Ireland via U.S.A.; that Bishop de Pencier of British Columbia is a descendant of the Black Brunswicks, whose hats and swords got in their way against the rebel colonies; that the Ursuline nuns at Quebec were so distressed at the bare knees of the Fraser Highlanders that they begged General Murray to be allowed to provide the poor fellows with raiment.

It seems, too, that nearly every European race has given the British peoples a queen of England. Harold II (that's pretty far back—before 1066) married Princess Gytha, a Ukrainian; Margaret, Queen of Scotland (not St. Margaret of Scotland) came from Hungary; Richard II's Queen, Anne of Bohemia, was a sister of good King Wencelaus who "last looked out on the feast of Stephen"; then there was Anne of Denmark, Alexandra of Denmark, Mary of Teck, our present Dowager Queen who has some Magyar blood, and the Duchess of Kent from Greece.

As if Canadians (born here of hybrid stock) didn't owe enough to other peoples, it now appears that Queen Isabella of Spain probably pawned her jewels with a Jewish financier, Luis Santangel, when she loaned Christopher Columbus the money to take the *Pinta* to the New World. Santangel, who publicly accepted Christianity but observed the rites of Judaism, was anxious to discover new lands for his fellow co-religionists because they were being expelled from Spain. Columbus was too late to help him in 1492 because 300,000 Jews had to leave Spain before Columbus got back. Senor Santangel was 400 years early with his idea but he would find his reward by reading of the accomplishments of his race in Canada —Isaac Hellmuth who organized Western University, and Caroline Hart who brought kindergartens to this country.

That more of every race mentioned will soon be here, Mr. Gibbon suggests (page xiii) in "The revival of the demand for 'self-determination' by racial groups along the Danube Valley, together with the pressure of the Great Powers adjoining, cannot but result in dislocation of the peoples concerned, to whom the stories of the freedom enjoyed and the success achieved by relatives in Canada must prove a strong incentive to cross the Atlantic." But immigration does not provide the only increase in Canadian population as Mr. Gibbon well illustrates by a photograph of the Schneider family picnic in Waterloo County, Ontario. It seems that Christian Schneider came to Doone, Waterloo County, in 1805 and by the time the picnic was held in 1907, there were 1,834 Schneiders!

Off-hand, your reviewer cannot think of any Canadian volume published that has nearly approached "Canadian Mosaic" in the quality and number of illustrations (there were 135 in the 455 page volume—I counted them) and they vary from photographs, water colour, old prints, oils to colour crayon sketches by Kathleen Shackleton. The demure Icelandic Canadian, the sparkling Irish Canadian, the twinkling French grand-père—all have appeal.

Mr. Gibbon is such a sure master of folklore and song that he can brighten stolid historical and statistical fact by interspersing translations of old songs, or some of the ballads he himself has written to be sung to the old tunes of the mother race. Most of these have been previously published, and indeed the book itself is based on ten talks Mr. Gibbon made over the CBC. Previously, Mr. Gibbon had developed the remarkable series of Folksong and Handicraft Festivals held from Quebec to Victoria by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

With half Europe packed up ready to leave, and the other half trying to sneak out, "Canadian Mosaic" comes right to the point in 1939. Mr. Gibbon explains the idea of his book in his preface: "To know a people, you must know its history and origins. . . . That is why, if we are to understand Canadian people we must also study their racial origins. . . . The Canadian

people today presents itself as a decorated surface, bright with inlays of separate coloured pieces."

He gathers all his "coloured pieces" together in the concluding chapter when he outlines the forces that unite the racial elements in Canada. Various service clubs have played their part well, but it is to the schools that Mr. Gibbon looks for the final cement to hold the Canadian Mosaic together.—F.R.

"Northland Trails," by S. C. Ells. Garden City Press, Toronto.

S. C. Ells, an engineer, has lived in Canada's Western Northland. He writes first of the "White Water," the rushing rapids and rock strewn rivers that lead down north. Furs brought white men to the north, and there is a human story with almost every fur bearer trapped. Hunters follow long trap lines, sometimes finding them empty or with the furs chewed by wolverines, and sometimes with a few precious furs which find their way to a fashion shop.

The old route to the western northland was over Methye Portage (Portage la Loche). In those days voyageurs who crossed Methye Portage became famous. The portage route crosses a heavily wooded river bottom, climbs about 600 feet, follows the rim of a valley, and passes through a swamp. Its entire length is twelve and a half miles. Mr. Ells omits the voyageur competitions in speed and carrying power. Stories of the loads carried have become legend.

Squaw men, surveyors, traders and trappers are all part of this book of short stories, poems and drawings that give a clear picture of northern atmosphere, the friendly attitude, and the survival of the fittest.—G.B.

"Unsolved Mysteries of the Arctic," by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. MacMillans.

Mystery story addicts will find fresh trails in this book. Mr. Stefansson has set down all the evidence he could garner on five unfinished stories of northern exploration—unfinished because the explorers died and in most cases vital records were never recovered. The reader may take his choice of various theories as to what actually brought disaster to each expedition. The author once more sounds his belief, originally put forward by George Simpson and John Rae, that most of them failed because they did not learn from natives how to live and travel in the north.

Most modern of the five chronicles is the chapter on the Soviet fliers who left Moscow on August 12, 1937, for Fairbanks, Alaska, and disappeared after they had passed the North Pole on the following day. This is a whole volume on far north flying, and it also records the scientific gain and promotion of good will resulting from Levanevsky's failure.

The lost Franklin expedition covers nearly a hundred pages, and gives credit for source material to H B C's William Gibson, L. A. Learmonth, and D. G. Sturrock, as well as to Dr. John Rae. The Gibson map, first published in *The Beaver*, is again reproduced. Mr. Stefansson emphasizes heavily Franklin's failure to know that his men must live off the country. "The crews of the *Erebus* and the *Terror* perished as victims of the manners, customs, social outlook and medical views of their time," is his pronouncement. Sir George Simpson would have agreed.

Another chapter compresses the murder-or-suicide theories on the fate of Thomas Simpson—probably the most mysterious mystery of the five. The author disagrees with Douglas MacKay who believed Thomas's mind was not normal just before his death. Mr. Stefansson leans slightly to the murder idea, and closes dramatically with Sir George Simpson's callous reference in his journal. It is a subject for pleasant wrangling on a long winter night, and nothing more will be known about it until more correspondence of the period is published.

The remaining mysteries are the disappearance of the mediaeval Greenland colony, and the fate of the Swedish airman Andree, who in 1897 tried to reach the North Pole in a balloon.

All readers will enjoy the introduction written by Stephen Leacock, a great arm-chair explorer.—A.M.

"The Pathfinders of North America," by Edwin and Mary Guillet. MacMillans in Canada, with 73 illustrations and an index.

This book was written for boys and girls, and the pictures borrowed from many authentic sources are excellent. There was not time to check how accurately the writers charted the pathways of the many explorers described, but the paragraphs concerning this Company contain a few holes. Prince Rupert was the cousin of Charles II, and he did not pay the cost of the first expedition to the Bay. Henry Kelsey became governor of York Factory—not of the Company, and not of the bay itself. While it may be convenient to have all the pathfinders noted in one book, the sheer mass of information involved would defeat the retentive memories of a smart adult.

"Radisson," Sarah Larkin. Les Editions du Bien Public, Trois Rivieres.

Most of this narrative poem describes the early life of Pierre Esprit Radisson, whose search with Groseilliers for fur trade capital led to the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company. Miss Larkin writes of a country she knows well, and her book is published in the place where young Radisson passed his early years after his family emigrated from the Papal States to make their home in stockaded Three Rivers.

Her poem is chiefly interesting for its re-creation of life in the wilderness in the 1600s. It takes Radisson barely past the incident of the confiscation of furs by D'Argenson, skips nimbly over the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company, and closes with a picture of Mary Kirke Radisson, moaning and in want.

Miss Larkin consulted archives sources and some not entirely sound histories, but she essayed an impossible task. Radisson's life is veiled in obscurity and controversy. Grace Lee Nute, curator of manuscripts for the Minnesota Historical Society, has been weighing and tracking down Radisson material for years and when her long promised book is published it will probably be the last light on the lives of the two restless Frenchmen. Some time ago Miss Nute discovered that their travels were much more extensive than historians knew, and early in her search she learned that Radisson married not once, but three times. The truth about Radisson, when it does emerge, will make good reading.—A.M.

"Wildfowling with a Camera," by Lorene Squire. J. B. Lippincott Company.

The cream of Miss Squire's pictures before she went north last summer, with a well-written story about the birds and where and how she saw them. They were taken by the pools and water holes of Kansas where Miss Squire lives, and on her first trip North to Chipewyan on Lake Athabaska and to Ile-a-la Crosse and North Battleford in Saskatchewan.

The book is full of life and light and exquisite composition of movement registered in a split second. Few can have caught so beautifully the pattern of the flight of birds, the form of bodies and wings, and the infinite variety of bird attitudes.

Since she prepared this book, Miss Squire has travelled much farther north in both eastern and western Arctic. The pictures she took then are appearing regularly in *The Beaver*—the finest northern record yet made. A northern bird series will appear in the June *Beaver*.—A.M.

"Sir Henry Lefroy's Journey to the North-West in 1843-4," edited by W. S. Wallace, F.R.S.C. From the transactions of the Royal Society of Canada.

From the new observatory in Toronto, its director a young English artillery subaltern named John Henry Lefroy, travelled in 1843 through part of the Hudson's Bay territories, making a magnetic survey. Years later in England he wrote it all down in satisfying detail, and this privately printed autobiography has now been made available by his grandson through Professor Wallace.

Lefroy left an admirably clear picture of life and travel in the Company's domain a century ago. He liked the life, and he mixed easily with fur traders. In 1857 he was to be a highly favourable witness before the Select Committee of the British House of Commons "appointed to consider the state of those British possessions in North America which are under the administration of the Hudson's Bay Company. . . ."

By this time he was Inspector-General of Army Schools for the War Department, and his testimony had substantial weight.

The young surveyor travelled for a year and a half, his voyage beginning and ending at Lachine. By canoe and dog team, he visited York Factory, Norway House, Chipewyan, and down the Mackenzie to Fort Good Hope, pausing at the principal posts and never failing to pay tribute to Company hospitality, although his arrivals were necessarily unannounced.

Among the best descriptions in this booklet are those of Laurent, the Indian guide, shooting rapids, the encampment of voyageurs on the Ottawa, John Rowand at Fort Edmonton, the Chipewyan celebration of Christmas, 1843, and the meeting of the northern and southern brigades at Grand Rapids. There is also a brief note of his meeting with Sir George Simpson at Lower Fort Garry: "The exploits of his light canoe were the talk of the north-west, but he urged on his men out of all bounds of humanity or reason. He was a short, thick-set man of florid Scotch complexion, could stand immense fatigue, go an unusual time without food. He has been known to start at two or three in the morning, and not halt for a meal for twelve hours. He gave me a very warm welcome, and next day we rode on to the upper fort, where the city of Winnipeg now stands."—A.M.

THE SERVICE TODAY

London Office News

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to grant the Company's request that it should be allowed to pay its Charter tribute on the occasion of his forthcoming visit to Canada. This tribute consists of two Elk heads and two Black Beaver skins and all arrangements for the presentation will be made by the Canadian Committee in consultation with the Dominion Government. The presentation will be made by the Governor.

On the 21st December, 1938, the annual Christmas Party of the Beaver Club was held in London, at which were present the Governor and Mrs. Cooper, the Deputy Governor and Lady Murray, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Karslake, Mr. and Mrs. Reincke, Mr. Napier and Captain Cazalet. During the evening a cable of greetings and good wishes was despatched to Winnipeg for all Beaver Clubs in Canada.

Beaver House has been the scene of more than usual activity during December and January. First came the Company's December Silver Fox Auction, closely followed by the January Silver Fox Auction, at which the Company offered the record quantity of 56,594 skins. Immediately this sale was finished, the whole Warehouse Staff turned to the preparation of the catalogue for the Winter General Auction on the 30th January. It may be interesting to note that in comparison with the offering at this Auction, which included quantities of all Canadian fine furs and also of Persian Lambs from South West Africa and Afghanistan, the offering at the Company's Auction on the 23rd January, 1839, consisted of the following: 41,085 Skins, Parchment and Cub Beaver, 174 lbs. Coat Beaver and Pieces, 375,487 skins Musquash. It might be mentioned that the offerings of 121,762 South West African Persian Lambs and 74,004 Afghan Persian Lambs were record quantities of both these articles in the Company's Auctions.

On the 13th December, 1938, the Governor presented Long Service Medals and Bars to the following members of the London Staff: Mrs. L. A. Sach, Second Gold Bar, 40 years; Mr. R. A. Delf, Gold Medal, 30 years; Mr. J. C. Garratt, Second Silver Bar, 25 years; Miss L. R. Heron, Silver Bar, 20 years; Miss D. M. Bartlett, Silver Bar, 20 years; Miss M. E. Wand, Silver Bar, 20 years; Mr. R. H. G. Leveson Gower, Silver Bar, 15 years; Mr. H. Bunch, Silver Medal, 15 years.

During the past three months, we have had visits at Hudson's Bay House and Beaver House from Captain T. F. Smellie, of the S.S. *Nascopie*, Mr. W. C. Brownie of the Canadian Fur Trade Staff, and Mr C. E. Gardiner, who was attached to the Mackenzie River Transport last summer. In addition to the above the Archives have also been visited by Mr. M. H. Long of the University of Alberta, Edmonton.

The first Volume of the publications of the Hudson's Bay Record Society, "Simpson's Athabasca Journal," was issued in November, 1938, and has received favourable comment from members and from the press. The number of members is about 490, at the date of writing; and it is most encouraging to note that of the 180 subscribers resident in Canada 75 are members of the Company's staff.

Fur Trade Commissioner's Office

The Fur Trade Commissioner visited Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto in December, and shortly after New Year left for the Yukon, visiting Edmonton and Vancouver en route. Mr. Parsons has now returned to Winnipeg after making short stops at Whitehorse, Carmacks, Mayo, Stewart City, Dawson and Fort Selkirk.

D. Robertson and H. E. Cooper visited Oskelaneo, Senneterre, Weymontachin-

gue, La Sarre and Montreal, in December. Mr. Robertson also paid a short visit to Edmonton in January. Jim Donald visited the Canadian National Silver Fox Breeders' Association Annual Meeting at Calgary in January. Dick Bonnycastle and Jake Henley attended the Stores Personnel Conference held in Calgary early in January. The conference was presided over by F. F. Martin, General Manager of Retail Stores, and attended by representatives of all departments of the Company. This was the first Company conference of its kind, and was found extremely interesting and instructive.

We are glad to welcome Captain Smellie back to Canada from furlough spent in the Old Country. He arrived in Halifax on January 14th, and is superintending repairs to the *Nascopie* prior to taking her to the Old Country where she will undergo her Third No. 1 Classification Survey, at Falmouth.

J. W. Anderson represented the Company at the recent Wildlife Conference at Ottawa, where he delivered a paper dealing with the Company's fur conservation schemes.

Father Serrurot, Bursar of the Mackenzie Diocese; Mr. Forsyth, Game Commissioner of the Province of Saskatchewan; D. Hutchison, Manager of the Mackenzie River Transport; J. D. J. Forbes, of the Marketing Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa; Reverend Paul Schulte, the "Flying Priest," and Mrs. K. M. Keddie, of the International Grenfell Association, Cartwright, Labrador, were all visitors to F.T.C.O. during the past few weeks.

George Horner flew into Trout Lake from Sioux Lookout on February 5th and spent a few days with apprentice R. J. Wickware getting the Trout Lake radio station CY9U on the air, and installing a weather station, reports from which are now coming into Winnipeg daily. This trip also included a forced landing and a night in the bush for George and Canadian Airways Pilot Schade, when they ran into a blizzard between Sioux Lookout and Pickle Lake. While at Trout Lake, George Horner worked practically all our radio stations in Ungava, Nelson River and Saskatchewan Districts. Great interest was shown by the H B C operators who were contacted, many of them being apprentices who had received their radio instruction from Mr. Horner in the Winnipeg Training School. Communication between our radio-equipped posts is very active, indeed, and post managers can be heard almost every night working each other from points as far apart as Trout Lake and Pangnirtung. As our network of radio stations spreads in the North, isolation as we used to know it is dwindling.

H. P. Warne visited western Fur Purchasing Agencies in December, and also paid a short visit to Grande Prairie and Regina in January. Paul Davoud went down to Wichita, Kansas, shortly after Christmas, to look over the new model Beechcraft plane, and also went to Regina for a few days in January.

Jim Winter and his wife are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, at Winnipeg, on the 19th December, 1938.

The Fur Trade Offices and Warehouse, including Training School and Radio room, were visited during the month of January by the Grade XI pupils of Gordon Bell School.

Winnipeg Fur Trade Depot is busy stocking up with merchandise in preparation for Outfit 270. The staff are busy opening up bales of print, gingham, and other merchandise from England. Northern Posts will be receiving a very fine selection of new materials this year.

Several of our pensioners have paid us a visit recently including Sam Jenner, Jack Courtney and Dan Casey. Tom Ross, who has been retired fifteen years, paid his annual visit. Genial and full of pep as when he was Manager of Winnipeg Depot, one would hardly credit his having passed his eighty-second year.

The Hudson's Bay House Hockey Team, under the able management of Hayes Allery, has been making very fine progress in the Inter-City Mercantile League and we look to Geo. Cotter, Jimmy McPherson, Wally Smart and Jack Erzinger, to put the team on top.

On February 3rd, the third apprentice class to pass through the Winnipeg Training School was officially graduated. These boys made a good showing in the school and they carry with them our best wishes for a happy and successful career in the Fur Trade. You will find them now at a variety of locations all the way from Fort Selkirk to Pointe Bleue.

On February 13th, a new group of fifteen boys started in the Training School for four months of instruction. In this new class are four from Montreal and district, four from Winnipeg, and the remainder from rural sections of Manitoba. It keeps Jock Runcie busy ringing out the old in time to ring in the new, but he always comes up to scratch and does a better job on each succeeding group.

The curriculum was up again for revision, and this time, under John Watson's direction, the carpentry course came under fire to emerge in slightly different form as a class designed to emphasize proper maintenance of all buildings, and interest the apprentice in handicraft work for construction of cupboards, shelves, bookcases and so forth. The foods and cooking experiment has been pronounced a success, and now has a secure place in the timetable.

Also in Winnipeg for a few weeks' refresher course in January and February were Kent Griffin, of James Bay District, Tommy Lindley, formerly at Baie Comeau, and Pete Nichols, now on furlough from Port Burwell. Jim Winter has also been going through his paces on the refresher course with the others. Paddy Houston, formerly manager of Port Simpson, returned from furlough in the Old Country in time to join the group for two weeks before reporting to Vancouver for a short course in fur grading.

Though there has been more snow this year than last, snow plows have kept the roads between Winnipeg and Bird's Hill Fur Farm passable, and some eleven members of the apprentice class, together with visiting post managers were able to pay the Farm a visit late in January. Pelting being finished, the ranch has an empty appearance, but in a comparatively short time from now this year's puppies will be here again to fill the empty pens. So far this winter has been a very fine one, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas always have a warm welcome for visitors from town.

Mackenzie River Transport

It is seven years since the winter quarters of the head office of Mackenzie River Transport were moved from Edmonton to Winnipeg. The winter of 1939 sees the office established again in the Birks Building, Edmonton, adjacent to the offices of the three western districts. In the new location, contacts are more easily made with those whose interests lie in the north and who are served by our extensive transportation system.

Capt. Don. Naylor is spending the winter in Los Angeles. J. W. Barker left Edmonton for the East early in January and will visit Halifax, Detroit and the Canadian Fairbanks-Morse factory in Beloit, among other points, before returning. J. G. Woolison, now a permanent member of the Mackenzie River Transport staff, is proceeding north as far as the Arctic Ocean on 31st January, on an extensive aerial tour of the Mackenzie basin. Congratulations of the staff are extended to Mr. and Mrs. K. Y. Spencer (nee Miss Bernice Dawson, of Regina) on the occasion of their marriage at Regina on December 30.

British Columbia District

J. Milne, district manager, left on an inspection trip to Fort St. James, Hazelton, Kitwanga and Port Simpson on 16th November and returned to district office on 11th December. On 8th January, the Fur Trade Commissioner and district manager left for the Yukon via Vancouver. Points visited en route to Dawson, Y.T., included Prince Rupert, B.C., Ketchikan, Wrangell, Juneau and Skagway, Alaska, Whitehorse, Carmacks, Selkirk, Mayo and Stewart City, Y.T. J. Gregg, who has spent the past year in the Yukon, accompanied the party through the Yukon Territory and came out with them to Vancouver. At Dawson, the Commissioner was met and entertained by two old friends, the Right Reverend W. A. Geddes, Bishop of the Yukon, and Major T. V. Sandys-Wunsch, R.C.M.P., who, for many years, made the annual trip in charge of the Eastern Arctic Patrol. Mr. Milne returned to Edmonton from the Yukon on 29th January and left on 6th February on an inspection trip to the Athabasca section of the district, accompanied by R. H. Chesshire.

We extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. Gregg of White Horse post on their new daughter, Dorothy Thyrza, born at Edmonton on 22nd December. Mrs. Gregg left Edmonton on 4th February to join her husband in Vancouver, and proceeded to Whitehorse, Y.T., with him on the 7th. We welcome to the district W. B. Gourlay, who, until this summer, was post manager with Northern Traders Limited on the Mackenzie River. Mr. Gourlay is assisting at Fort St. James. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Houston, late of Port Simpson, returned from furlough in Scotland early in January. Mr. Houston arrived in Vancouver during the latter part of the month and proceeded to White Horse, Y.T., along with R. S. Cunningham and J. Gregg to take up duties in the Yukon.

We had a visit recently from Jack Moar (late of Wings Limited, Winnipeg). Mr. Moar has been appointed traffic manager for United Air Transport Limited and will be stationed in Edmonton.

Our Cold Lake post reports that another very successful fishing season has been concluded. Some low temperatures were recorded up north from Christmas to New Year. Fort Selkirk, Y.T., reported a week of 60 to 65° below zero, while Liard Post registered —70° on the morning of 28th December. The official temperature in Edmonton on the morning of 28th December was 46° below.

The settlement of Telegraph Creek, B.C., has formed a Board of Trade and elected the following officers: president, Dr. Meyer (late of Athabasca); vice-president, Mr. Hughes; secretary, W. G. Crisp, our post manager. Mrs. J. Copeland, wife of our post manager at Fort Grahame, B.C., has been appointed local drug dispenser by the Department of Indian Affairs. Miss Rita McCrea, of Topley, B.C., was married to Mr. Rupert Conlon on 29th December. C. A. Keefer and B. F. Clarke arrived in Edmonton early in January and are assisting at the district offices. W. G. Murray, of Manson Creek, spent a short holiday in Vancouver in January, visiting his family.

Hudson's Hope post reports the completion of two new bridges on the Fort St. John-Hudson's Hope highway, thus making it possible for the latter settlement to have supplies trucked in the year round.

There has been considerable activity lately in placer mining in the Dease Lake vicinity. It is reported that one find produced over $120,000 in a month.

The following is a copy of the Journal of Events at Little Red River outpost for January 1st, by W. J. Clarke, post manager:

"Sunday, New Year's Day—All the Indians had their guns out sharp at midnight. The Buffalo Ranger fired the first shot, and they kept it up for half an hour. The Indians across the river answered the shots. At midday, the Old Chief made his rounds, firing a few shots at Walker's house, then came over to our post and then over to the Ranger's house, firing a shot off and on. Then the Chief took us all over to his house for dinner. There were eight who sat down to the big feed—the very best of the moose meat, boiled gut, heart, liver, kidney and the good old bannock that sticks to the ribs. The following sat at the first table: Mr. and Mrs. Neil Walker, Miss Sheila Walker, W. J. Clarke, A. Grundgenlt, W. J. Braiden, Art Bourgault and Michael Antoine.

"This feast was held in honour of the Chief's son, Andrew, who is ten years old today.

"Fifteen dog teams, one after the other, came across the river to wish us all a Happy New Year. It certainly was a pretty sight to see them come around the bend of the river, firing shots at the same time. After all this was over, the drums were warmed up and the big dance started, the Chief in the lead. This lasted all night."

Western Arctic District

During the last two months mail has been received from all posts within the district, with the exception of Baillie Island and King William Land. Monthly radio reports arrive regularly from six points which includes the radio stations at Coppermine and Aklavik.

Fort Collinson has not yet been on the air and Apprentice Owen Hansen reports by mail that he could bring in all the Arctic Stations, but was unable to answer their calls owing to a defect in the transmitter, which we hope Messrs. Deacon and Howey, of Coppermine Radio Station, have been able to overcome since Father Buliard brought the machine from Fort Collinson to Coppermine by dog team. Meteorological observations have been taken for record purposes, but we hope they will be transmitted daily in future.

J. W. Nichols, manager of Coppermine, contracted a septic throat during November which seriously undermined his health. A chartered C.A.L. plane, piloted by Rudy Heuss, brought Mr. and Mrs. Nichols and their daughter, Emily, to Edmonton after considerable delay owing to bad weather and late conditions. On arrival, Mr. Nichols was in an emaciated condition, but made a remarkable recovery. It will be a few months before he is fit for duty and during convalescence will reside in Edmonton. Mr. W. F. Joss, formerly manager of Coppermine post, was reinstated and relieved Mr. Nichols at his post.

A disquieting report of a serious epidemic among sled dogs has been received and the loss is estimated at sixty percent around Coppermine and Read Island, where the disease seems to have centred. The nature of the disease is unknown, but the symptoms are identical with the "dog sickness" of the Eastern Arctic which, periodically, takes heavy toll of sled dogs. The sickness coincides with the increase in white foxes, and trappers are unable to take the fullest advantage of that fact, owing to depleted dogteams, their only means of travel on the trap line being by dogs. Constable "Frenchy" Chartrand relayed the mail from Cambridge Bay and other eastern points and will be seriously handicapped on his return, most of his dogs having contracted the sickness while awaiting the arrival of the mail plane.

Angus Gavin visited Cambridge Bay in December, returning to Perry River for the Christmas trade. Arrangements will be made for a wedding at Perry River this summer when Miss Phyllis Mackinnon, of Winnipeg, will go north to become Mr. Gavin's bride.

Apprentice Carl Larson will travel from Perry River to King William Land during February. This will be the third post to which he has been attached since the outfit commenced, so he is rapidly gaining experience. Apprentice Ernest Donovan is now attached to Coppermine, having travelled from Read Island in midwinter. He had the misfortune to contract chicken-pox last fall.

Capt. R. J. Summers writes from the M.S. *Fort Ross*, in snug winter quarters at Bernard Harbour, stating that the vessel is wintering well and proving very comfortable quarters. Engineer J. M. Piercey came out by mail plane from Coppermine, having travelled by dogteam from Bernard Harbour, and is at present in Halifax, where he will sit for his engineer's ticket.

Messrs Kilgour and Hansen are in excellent health and report a successful year at Fort Collinson. They are eagerly awaiting the arrival of the transmitter which will link them with other stations in the Arctic. Apprentice Owen Hansen is spending his first Arctic winter at our most northerly post within the district, and likes the life.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ross are also spending a pleasant winter at Read Island and have the companionship of H. W. Chitty, who remained after the Canalaska Trading Company withdrew this past summer, and Henry Jensen, who is operating a trading post for L. F. Semmler, of Krusenstern. Ray Ross has a way with Eskimo dogs, and it is a common sight to see three full-grown dogs sitting up on chairs in the kitchen, each with a piece of bread balanced on his nose, patiently waiting for a nod of consent before they toss the bread in the air and swallow the tit-bit.

From Cambridge Bay we hear from Mr. and Mrs. Frank Milne that everything is going well. With the R.C.M. Police *St. Roch* wintering there and the Rev. and Mrs. Rokeby Thomas at the Anglican Mission, there is quite a white settlement. Father Delalonde, of Burnside Mission, spent Christmas at Cambridge Bay, where he occupied the now vacant dwelling house of the Canalaska Trading Company.

Ralph Jardine and Graham Sturrock are wintering together at Bathurst Inlet, and since Mr. Sturrock's transfer from King William Land, we have been receiving regular radio reports from the new station.

Rev. Geo. Nicholson, Anglican missionary at Coppermine and late of Aklavik, seems very glad to be back on the "coast." He plans to travel via Read Island to Fort Collinson, but may have to postpone the trip on account of the dog sickness which has depleted his team also. Natives report that the buildings at Shingle Point have been swept away by heavy seas during a gale last fall. Fortunately we withdrew from this post last summer. Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone and Apprentices Wood and Hooper all seem in excellent health and spirits. The staff experienced the usual rush of business at Christmas, and a number of the native families from the Mackenzie Delta spent a few days in the settlement, returning to the trap lines shortly after Christmas. We were sorry to hear of Mr. Peffer's illness and wish him a very speedy recovery.

From Tuktuk, beyond the Delta of the Mackenzie River, Mr. and Mrs. C. Reiach report all well, having experienced some pleasant weather during the early winter. Mrs. Reiach appears to be enjoying her first winter in the Arctic and north of the circle. With half the Western Arctic fleet wintering here, tall masts are a constant reminder of summer.

"Paddy" Gibson's only companion on King William Island this winter, until Carl Larson arrives, is Viscomte Poncin, who is travelling amongst the primitive Eskimos. We expect the scientist will arrive in Edmonton before break-up with some interesting observations on the Eskimo. The Christmas broadcast over the C.B.C. network was well received at all posts, station CKY, Winnipeg, and our local station, CJCA being the two best stations.

Shortly after *The Beaver* goes to press, we will be making preparations for the return of the M.S. *Fort Ross* crew to Bernard Harbour, and there is a possibility that, in addition to carrying Outfit 270 supplies, the vessel will proceed to Vancouver before freeze-up. The following visitors called during the past quarter: P. A. Chester, Ralph Parsons, D. Robertson, F. Gasston, F. Ryan, P. Davoud, H. P. Warne, J. C. Donald, all on business trips. Bishop Fallaize, O.M.I., and Father Serrurot, O.M.I., both called on business, the Bishop on his return from an important religious festival in Quebec and Father Serrurot on his way to France on vacation. Bishop G. Breynat, O.M.I., is on a rest cure in France, and we hope to see him fully restored to health visiting the missions on the Arctic Coast this summer.

Mr. K. Y. Spencer was married to Miss Bernice Dawson in Regina and our best wishes go out to our Western Arctic Transport manager and his bride.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

The District Manager, accompanied by R. H. Chesshire, visited by aeroplane in January posts between Fort McMurray and Great Slave Lake. The party arrived back in Edmonton on January 21. They had been forced down by weather conditions the first day, twenty miles from their destination, which resulted in having to take to the trail in the early hours of the morning.

From time to time we have recorded the efforts of post managers to create gardens in the wilderness. Last spring and early summer brought us news of an up-and-coming garden at a certain post. The manager and his wife dug and planted early and late and from day to day. Recorded in the post diary, we read of flavoursome onions and succulent lettuce. Potatoes throve apace and all went well until, with backward glances, they left for another post, without, alas, savouring the delicacies they had raised.

When C. A. Keefer left the district last fall, we lamented the passing of a diarist par excellence. Now a successor has arisen in "Mac" Watson who has found Nelson Forks a happy hunting ground for journalistic talent. Between items of strictly business comment, he gives us news of the domestic affairs of his Indian customers. He enlightens us as to the nature of the local flora and fauna and drew our sympathy with the story of the homeless horse, which, after the manner of any self-respecting Equus caballus, chewed up the door-step to get the last savour of the salt which "Mac," the day before, had sprinkled on it.

Old-timers in the north will regret the passing, at the age of ninety years, of Mrs. Sarah Camsell, widow of Chief Factor Julian S. Camsell. Mrs. Camsell died at Penticton, B.C. She came of an old Red River family and was spoken of at length in "The women of Red River." She spent many years at Fort Simpson and some of her descendants still live in the North-west Territories.

Alex Kennedy died at Fort Smith at the end of December on his eighty-fourth birthday. As he had only worked intermittently for the Company, Mr. Kennedy was best known for his participation with the Canadian Canoe Brigade, in the Egyptian Campaign of 1883-84, where he served with a number of the Company's regular employees.

Having heard of the Company's 1939 calendar, Mr. & Mrs. Roberts, of Manola, Alberta, called on us for one. The reason for their request was an interesting one. Their son Glynn Roberts is an apprentice at Cumberland House. His brothers and sisters are so interested in his descriptions of life in the north that their parents find it necessary to explain to them just what part of Canada big brother is writing about.

The annual report of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police informs its readers that the sleigh dog is far from being supplanted by aeroplanes in northern winter travel. There are still many in the district who remember the splendid teams of dogs maintained by the Company when mail was carried from end of steel to Herschel Island twice each winter. If this service were resumed, we are afraid post medicine cabinets would be ransacked for remedies for mal-de-racquet for some time to come.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. H. Ambrose, of Fort McPherson post, on the birth of a son, Henry E., on September 30, 1938, and also Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Duncan, of Fond du Lac, who received a New Year's gift of a daughter on January 1.

A new venture in the district is the Northern Tractor Train which, it is hoped by the sponsors, will operate successfully between Waterways and Yellowknife, using the ice-covered water route. The motive power is a Diesel engined caterpillar tractor, which draws a train of sleighs. The first trip was arranged for January 20.

George B. Wright left Edmonton in January for a visit to a number of posts in connection with fur grading.

We welcome to the district J. R. McMurchy, from Saskatchewan District, who takes charge of Fort Fitzgerald post during the absence of A. A. Holliday on furlough. Mr. Holliday came out to Edmonton post haste in December firmly convinced that he would not be able to reach his home in England by Christmas. By dint of deep scheming, Mr. Holliday was safely landed in England by the good ship *Queen Mary* with two days to spare.

On the "Northern Messenger" recently a northern fur trader was commiserated with for having dined on ptarmigan. Evidently the sympathiser did not know that a London gourmet would cheerfully give ten shillings for a brace and in New York, well, the Waldorf-Astoria or the Plaza habituees sigh in vain for them.

Recently we have been visited by the General Manager, Fur Trade Commissioner, Fur Trade Controller, and F. W. Gasston, P. Davoud and F. Ryan from the Winnipeg office.

Saskatchewan District

Winter freighting to posts in the western section of the district has been progressing very satisfactorily and no mishaps have been reported. Our several short-wave radio enthusiasts are still establishing new contacts and it is becoming quite a common matter for post managers to "visit" over the air-waves and discuss, among other shop subjects, the probable whereabouts of the District Manager during inspection trips.

District Manager R. A. Talbot spent the month of December inspecting posts on the Western section of the district. He was accompanied on this trip by B. F. Clark, late of Fort Smith. Mr. Talbot is now inspecting his northeastern posts.

D. H. Learmonth, manager of Norway House, visited Winnipeg for medical attention in January. He returns in February.

To commemorate the establishment in 1774 of the first Hudson's Bay Company inland post, Cumberland House, a cairn has been erected by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada. The cairn, erected close to the grounds of our present establishment at Cumberland House, has a bronze plaque bearing the following inscription: "Cumberland House. From 1670 to 1774 all the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company were on the shore of Hudson Bay; but in 1774, as a result of the Advent of the Montreal Traders, the Company built Cumberland House. Its erection marked a new era in the Fur Trade and the commencement of the Rivalry, which continued until 1821. A.D. 1938."

Pushing on to tap new mineral areas, the Prince Albert-Lac La Ronge highway, discussed for many years, is now speedily becoming a reality. Already completed and gravelled as far as Montreal Lake, and a further forty miles cleared, part graded and stumped, location survey of the remainder of the road is at present being carried out. This will be followed by road gangs who expect, with the possible exception of grading, to have the road completed as far as Lac La Ronge by the end of the summer of 1939. The journey from Prince Albert to Lac La Ronge not so many years ago used to occupy ten gruelling days by team and canoe, and those who have traversed it will still recognize many familiar landmarks as they ride along in high-powered cars on the trip which will probably now be done in a short three or four hours.

We have been very interested to learn from J. Manweiler, Baudette, Minnesota, that the nine caribou captured by Saskatchewan hunters last spring and delivered to the United States' Department of Agriculture, are thriving. The calves now weigh over two hundred pounds each, and are causing no little interest in the northern States.

Nelson River District

During December the district manager completed an inspection, by aeroplane, of northern Ontario posts, namely, Bearskin Lake, Trout Lake, Big Beaver House and Cat Lake. In this and other areas, dense smoke resulting from wide-spread forest fires, combined with very foggy weather to delay flying in the late fall. Exceptionally mild weather and lack of snow in November further retarded flying schedules, but the cold snap in December enabled Canadian Airways to clean up all arrears of freight before Christmas. Radio reports from the far northern posts also state that a very late fall was experienced, with no snow at some places until the first week in November. This considerably delayed the season, making hunting very difficult, prohibiting much travelling, and undoubtedly adversely influencing the fur catch.

The radio stations installed during the summer at Repulse Bay and Padley are giving excellent and uninterrupted service. The transmitter at Eskimo Point has also been in operation throughout the season, but owing to the non-delivery of tubes during the summer the receiver was not in use until the arrival of the winter mail packet late in January. This station, however, is now on regular schedule with Port Harrison. Trout Lake has experienced some technical difficulty and is not yet in operation, but a meteorological service will shortly be installed at this point.

I. W. McCauley, of Cat Lake, recently sent in an urgent requisition for catnip, with the explanation that his pet cat, in the absence of green vegetation out doors, is playing havoc with the window plants. A. W. Anderson arrived from Scotland on January 18, having enjoyed a holiday in Aberdeen with his wife and family. T. C. (Tommy) Moore, of York Factory who spent the last year under specialists' care, and was last fall discharged as much improved, has now suffered a slight relapse and is again occasionally confined to bed at Cochrane under doctor's orders. We extend to Tommy best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Our appreciation and thanks are again due to members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who have carried our mail on their official patrols to Nonala, Eskimo Point, Chesterfield Inlet, Baker Lake and Nueltin Lake. The last winter patrol for the posts on the west coast of Hudson Bay will leave Churchill early in March.

Nueltin Lake post, N.W.T., and post manager Fred Schweder have been transferred from Saskatchewan to Nelson River District.

An extensive programme of demolition of old buildings is under way at York Factory, many of the old buildings not in use and unnecessary to our near future trade being dismantled. The Revillon Freres Trading Company dwelling house at Repulse Bay has been turned over to Rev. Paul Schulte, of the Roman Catholic Mission. We are glad to contribute in this small way to Father Schulte's splendid work in the Hudson Bay region.

A new dwelling house and warehouse were completed at Nelson House during the summer and with the new store built in Outfit 268 this post is now one of the high lights of the district. The site of the post was moved approximately a mile from its previous location to a more favourable point. A great deal of interest is being shown by our staff in maintenance of posts, particularly in landscape architecture. Many and varied are the proposals and suggestions submitted, and all contribute something to the common weal, so much so that our proposed "five-year plan" in this respect is already off to a good start.

Interest in the north and in things northern continue to hold their own in the mind of the public, and we have received enquiries regarding Eskimo sleigh dogs and kometiks from as far away as New York.

Wild ducks, numbers of which are wintering in northern parts of several provinces, were very late leaving the west coast of Hudson Bay this year as stragglers were noted at numerous points in bays, rivers and lakes. Deer also have been very plentiful during the late fall and early winter in northern Manitoba and Northwest Territories.

James Bay District

On November first, Superior-Huron and James Bay districts were merged under the management of M. Cowan. Jim Glass has gone to the merchandise office as assistant to H. E. Cooper, while Dick Twiner is now on the F.T.C.O. staff.

During December M. Cowan and J. Glass visited Minaki, Hudson, St. Anthony Mines, Red Lake and Lac Seul posts. On the return trip from Red Lake they stopped at the new mining development at Uchi Lake.

From Attawapiskat post Journal of Events we learn that a local Indian, David Spence, recently killed what is believed to be a sea lion. The manager reports that it has only two short teeth and a very long head, with chopped mustache and very wide front and hind flippers. We have asked the post manager to send the head and hide to district office for identification.

We regret the death of two native women and two children on the 13th of December near Weenusk post on Hudson Bay. It appears they were making their way along the shore to the post when they were caught in a sudden blizzard and failed to get back to the shelter of the trees. Wabbie David, another native with them, just managed to reach the post, but was badly frozen and had to be transported by airplane to Sioux Lookout for medical attention. Pilot A. Shade of Canadian Airways, Sioux Lookout, made the hazardous trip to Weenusk, leaving Sioux Lookout on December 21 and arriving back on Christmas Day. Post Manager R. B. Carson made the trip out to Sioux Lookout with Pilot Shade and Wabbie David, returning to Weenusk via Moosonee with the Winter Mail Packet in January.

From S. A. Taylor, our post manager at Longlac, we learn that a road is being surveyed from Geraldton to Hurst. This is part of the highway under construction from Nipigon to Geraldton, and when completed will open up another large section of Ontario for automobile tourist traffic. The road will pass west of Long Lake station.

R. "Tommy" Thompson at Moosonee fractured his ankle in November and was laid up for some time. He was attended by Dr. Tyrer from Moose Factory, and is now fully recovered. The new dwelling house at Grassy Narrows post was completed in November, and Manager Griffin reports it is a most satisfactory building, very warm, comfortable and well laid out.

Reports by mail and radio from James Bay and the lower Hudson Bay regions indicate that both furs and country food are exceptionally scarce this winter. Albany and Moose Factory posts advise the fall "wavie" hunt was unusually poor, and the natives are having a difficult time.

Congratulations to E. E. Bates, Jack Hope-Brown and Kent Griffin all of whom have become engaged to be married. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Ross, Timagami, on the birth of a daughter at Cobalt on January 24th. Mrs. R. M. Duncan, wife of our post manager at Lac Seul, visited in January, as did also Apprentice D. G. Bullock and M. S. Cook from Minaki. B. C. Lemon, post manager at Hudson, made a buying trip to Winnipeg in December.

On January 15, M. Cowan left for Australia on a well-earned ten weeks' vacation. All the staff wish him a pleasant holiday.

St. Lawrence District

Although indications pointed to an early freeze-up, actually it was between two and three weeks later than usual. After an unusually early spell of cold, the weather turned mild and it was not until well into November before it broke and ice commenced to form and became safe for general travelling. These conditions naturally hampered trappers, as bush travelling was difficult. Down the Gulf, however, the seal fishermen in the St. Augustine, Harrington districts found the long open season to their liking, as they were able to continue their operations until quite late in December before they were forced to take in their nets. As a result they experienced an exceptionally good season.

Throughout the past summer and fall, Northern Quebec experienced one of the best sporting seasons for over six or seven years. At nearly all points increases in the numbers of visitors were reported and fishing was generally good. American sportsmen making their annual trek into this country, with few exceptions, seemed to get their quota. One party of 13 hunting in the vicinity of Senneterre, secured thirteen moose.

The Laurentide National Park, situated south of Lake St. John, and set aside by the Quebec Government as a game reserve, is said to be attracting large numbers of visitors from the south. Game is reported to be very plentiful, especially moose, and excellent photographs of many kinds of wild animals can be secured close to the highway, which runs through it. No hunting is permitted on this reserve. Throughout the Laurentian Mountains, both bass and brook trout fishing was generally good. The influx of visitors was, unfortunately, retarded by the poor condition of the roads. This is gradually being rectified by the Provincial Government, which is undertaking a large highway building programme. At Nitchequon, George Dunn reports good lake trout fishing, by fishing through the ice he has been able to keep the larder well supplied with fish up to twenty pounds. In addition, ptarmigan throughout this area and eastward towards the Pilot Camp trade on the St. Margarets River are plentiful, after a scarcity over the past number of years. Rabbits are now commencing to come back, and several posts inform us of finding two or three each day in their snares.

The situation generally of the Indians shows an improvement over last year in most bands situated in the north. Those of the Woswonaby band, however, are not so well off, as wild food is still scarce throughout that area. The Obijuan band are reported to be in good health this winter in spite of a scarcity of wild food, which also applies to the Barriere and Manowan bands. The latter suffered from a serious epidemic last season, but this winter are in better health.

On November 16 two English pheasants were seen at Woswonaby. As far as is known these birds have never been seen by anyone so far north before. A grey goose was also seen at the same post on December 21, and on December 16 nine caribou passed very close to the store, much to the excitement of the local Indian children, who had visions of Santa Claus. Caribou have not been seen at Wosonaby for a number of years.

George Roch, for many years the official interpreter for the Bersimis Indian Reserve, died on 14th December, 1938, at the age of 82 years. He was regarded as the father of the Reserve.

On December 3 a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Frankland, of Seven Islands. We are pleased to report both the child and her mother made good progress. She received one of Mrs. P. Ashley Cooper's silver spoons.

During a terrific southwest gale on 25th October at Natashquan, the north shore lost one of its best known personalities when Captain Alfred Mercier was drowned in the wreck of his schooner. The vessel, known as the M.S. *Labrador Trader*, was tied up in Natashquan harbour, when she parted her moorings and drifted onto the rocks near our east stage. Captain Mercier was apparently located in his cabin in the after part of the vessel, and the heavy seas which were breaking over her washed the captain overboard. He was not seen after this happened. The crew, who remained in the fo'c'stle, were later saved by the local people after the seas had moderated to some extent. The captain was 76 years old.

Mr. M. de Blicquey, who was previously stationed at Sioux Lookout for Canadian Airways, has taken over the management of their local office here, replacing Romeo Vachon, now with the T.C.A. Congratulations of the district staff are extended to Mr. de Blicquey in his new appointment.

After a threatened epidemic of diphtheria early last December when the government medical officer innoculated all the children, Oskelaneo is now suffering from whooping cough. Bennie, the young son of E. J. Haight, post manager, was threatened with pneumonia. However, from later reports received, we are pleased to note he is recovering nicely.

Among the visitors to this office was T. Harwood, at one time on the Ungava District staff, who was visiting his family here.

During January the road was completed into Rose Lake from Senneterre, about twenty-five miles south of Woswonaby. The work was carried out by the Carnot Construction Company of Montreal and was primarily constructed to serve the mine operated by the Lake Rose Mines Limited. The new line from Senneterre to Rouyn via Val d'Or was officially opened during the early part of December. A regular schedule is now being maintained over this branch. A new Protestant school was opened up at Oskelaneo on January 9 with eighteen pupils.

The black sand deposits at Natashquan have again come into the limelight. Messrs. Morrison and Campbell, of Toronto, who had been recently examining them, shipped thirty-five tons in bags to New York to be tested, especially to learn if any worthwhile quantities of ilmenite, magnetite or garnet existed.

W. A Dinwoodie, formerly of the Ungava District, was a visitor during December, en route to Halifax.

Another aerolite was seen at Natashquan during December, similar to the one seen there last March. In spite of the brilliant moonlight, it was seen very clearly and appeared to be quite bright. The length of time of the fall was much shorter than the previous one in March.

On December 24th the annual Christmas Fur Trade Dinner of the Montreal departments was held in the Queen's Hotel. Besides the staff, there were among those present Pensioners F. C. Gaudet and W. E. Swaffield, and Mr. L. A. Graham, formerly in charge of the Montreal Depot. A newcomer to this little gathering was Mr. L. D. French, now in charge of the Montreal Fur Purchasing Agency.

An exceptionally mild winter is being experienced in the East. Skiing conditions are poor due to lack of snow. However, the deficiency of snow has not reduced the sporting activities here, for skating and hockey have been more evident than in past years.

During the last few months orders have been received from Lac du Brochet, Wollaston Lake and Nipigon House Posts. We believe that these posts have not been supplied from the East before.

At the present time Montreal Depot is occupied filling orders for shipment by the *Nascopie* in July. These consist of supplies for our Ungava Posts and the Anglican Missions in the Eastern Arctic.

Labrador District

The International Wireless Telephone service recently inaugurated at St. John's is to be followed in the near future by a government controlled broadcasting system. It will have power of 10 k.w. and operate on low frequency. When this system goes on the air it will reach all our Labrador and Ungava Bay posts.

Experiments were conducted along the southern section of Labrador in late autumn to ascertain if herring were obtainable in sufficient quantities to warrant the erection of reduction plants. Encouraging results were reported. Beside large quantities of herring and mackerel, cod and salmon of large size were netted. Heavy winds and sea during the fall along the Labrador coast prevented an early "freeze-up" but extended the time for the inshore seal fishery which was unusually successful.

Interest by leaders of the various settlements in youth movements has lately become very active, even the little village of Makkovik boasting of its Boy Scouts and Girl Guides.

Lady Walwyn visited district office in December and discussed the possibility of providing employment for Nonia workers in making up H.B. Blanket garments. Lady Walwyn has done a great deal to improve social conditions amongst the poor of the outposts.

Ralph Butt, late of North West River post and now on furlough, is visiting his relatives in the United States. He will later take a fur grading course at Montreal. P. C. Nichols, also on furlough, left St. John's early in January for Winnipeg, where he is to take a complete course in fur grading and merchandising. B. G. Clench, late post manager of Minaki, is visiting his parents, Rev. E. C. and Mrs. Clench, at Burin. He is accompanied by his wife and children.

In his little open boat alone, Ernest Doane, 72 years old, a well known voyager and man of many thrilling experiences in Newfoundland and Labrador, almost lost his life while making a trip from Hopedale to Cartwright in October. He was rescued in the nick of time by a passing boat and brought to the hospital at Cartwright for treatment. Mr. Doane was employed by the Company from 1919 to 1923 at Cartwright and Rigolet as foreman-carpenter. One of his most outstanding feats was that of being the first and only man to ever cross the Straits of Belle Isle in winter over fast moving ice and open stretches of water which he maneuvered by coupling a canoe to a small komatik.

Ungava District

Our eleven H.B.C. radio stations continue to work very efficiently and these, with the Government station VAL at Port Harrison, give us direct radio telegraphic communication with twelve posts. Apart from business reports, we have had very few communications of general interest, but it would appear that a mild fall was experienced which delayed trapping activities considerably. We have heard that Mr. and Mrs. Manning, of the British Canadian Arctic Expedition, are well on their way up the west coast of Baffin Island, and according to reports are heading for Clyde River post and will join the *Nascopie* there for the voyage to Halifax in the autumn of 1939.

The Fur Trade Commissioner broadcast an inspiring Christmas message to the staff in the north, and according to reports received radio reception was very good.

We extend our felicitations to District Accountant and Mrs. C. H. J. Winter on the arrival of Suzanne Elizabeth on December 19, 1938.

Of the staff at present on furlough, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Carmichael are spending the winter at St. John's, Newfoundland, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Thom at Keswick, Ontario, while B. D. Campbell is taking a course in fur grading at Montreal and P. A. C. Nichols a short refresher course in Winnipeg. D. Goodyear has retired from the service, and has started a coffee importing business for himself in Newfoundland.

STAFF CHANGES

BRITISH COLUMBIA DISTRICT

Name	From	To
W. H. Houston	Furlough	Whitehorse, Y.T.
R. S. Cunningham	Furlough	Whitehorse, Y.T.
Wm. Gourlay	Northern Traders Limited	Fort St. James, B.C.
D. H. Pitts	Fort St. James, B.C.	Port Simpson, B.C.
K. T. Vidler	Port Simpson	Fort St. James, B.C.
J. P. Kirk	Winnipeg Training School	Apprentice, Fort Selkirk

MACKENZIE-ATHABASCA DISTRICT

A. A. Holliday	Manager, Fort Fitzgerald	Furlough
A. A. Loutit	Interpreter, Rocher River	Interpreter, Portage la Loche
N. MacDonald	Manager, Rocher River	Retired
F. McLeod	Manager, Fort Providence	Retired on Pension
J. R. McMurchy	Nipigon	Manager, Fort Fitzgerald
I. L. Wilson	Appren., West. Arctic Dist.	Apprentice, Fort Chipewyan
R. Aitchison	Winnipeg Training School	Apprentice, Yellowknife
R. Furness	Winnipeg Training School	Apprentice, Fort Liard
C. Kinton	Winnipeg Training School	Apprentice, Fort Chipewyan

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT

G. Bawden	Winnipeg Training School	Apprentice, Lac la Ronge
C. A. Stewart	Winnipeg Training School	Apprentice, Island Lake
R. Van Camp	Winnipeg Training School	Apprentice, Green Lake

JAMES BAY DISTRICT

Name	From	To
J. Hope-Brown	Furlough	Manager, English River
M. S. Cook	Minaki	Red Lake
A. L. Hill	Furlough	Apprentice, Moose Factory
F. K. Griffin	Manager, Grassy Narrows	F.T.C.O.
R. K. Muir	Moose Factory	Manager, Grassy Narrows
F. Lugrin	Mackenzie River Transport	Clerk, Hudson
J. L. Charlton	Manager, English River	Furlough
J. B. Lusk	Winnipeg Training School	Apprentice, Moose Factory

NELSON RIVER DISTRICT

W. C. Brownie	Manager, Repulse Bay	Furlough
W. Robinson	Winnipeg Training School	Apprentice, York Factory

ST. LAWRENCE DISTRICT

H. R. Cummings	Clerk, Senneterre	Clerk, Mattice
R. A. de Denus	Relieving, Obijuan	Clerk, Senneterre
R. Jarnet	Clerk, Romaine	Clerk, Seven Islands
John Payne	Bookkeeper, Blanc Sablon	Retired
A. H. Holdway	Winnipeg Training School	Apprentice, Seven Islands
S. Crone	Winnipeg Training School	Apprentice, Pointe Bleue

UNGAVA DISTRICT

D. Goodyear	Assistant, Fort Ross	Retired

The Beaver is printed for the Hudson's Bay Company by Saults & Pollard Limited, Winnipeg, Canada, and the engravings are made by Brigdens of Winnipeg Limited.

GOOD SPIRITS
1701 1939
In 1701 the H B C frigate "Perry" sailed into Hudson Bay bringing the first cargo of Scotch Whisky to Canada
Hudson's Bay Company
INCORPORATED 2nd MAY 1670
HUDSON'S BAY
Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY
Hudson's Bay Company
H B C

The Government Liquor Control Commission is not responsible for any statement made herein as to the quality of the liquor referred to.

HUDSON'S BAY *Point* BLANKET COATS

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE SEAL OF QUALITY LABEL

HUDSON'S BAY POINT BLANKET
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1670
THE SEAL OF QUALITY
MADE IN ENGLAND

No start too early if you are snugly wrapped up in a Hudson's Bay "Point" Blanket Coat. The swagger Norway, the belted Mackinaw, or the jaunty Airway—the style is a matter of preference, the material a matter of pride. Hudson's Bay "Point" Blankets have been the world's blanket standard for 160 years. These coats are made from Hudson's Bay "Point" Blankets. Once wear one on the trail or in the woods and nothing less will ever again satisfy you.